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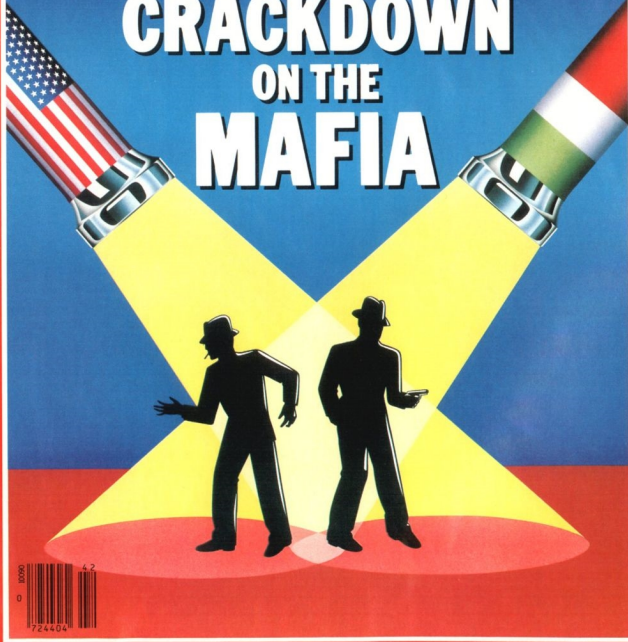
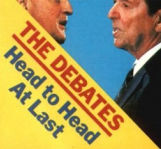
# TIME

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# MAFIA

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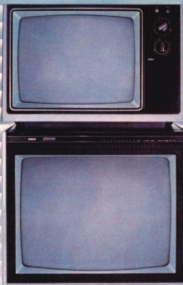
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Try one on for size at your RCA dealer. Or, for more information and a free copy of the "Living With Video" booklet (a \$2.50 retail value), write: RCA Consumer Electronics, Dept. 32-312AA, P.O. Box 7036, Indianapolis, IN 46207-7036.



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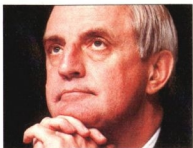
## COVER: A Mafioso's "song" sheds light on a Sicilian drug connection 42

Acting on information from a mobster who is talking, Italian authorities conduct one of the biggest crackdowns on the Mafia in half a century. In the process, officials learn about a Sicilian connection that supplies much of the heroin sold in the U.S., and about a new generation of mobster who is greedier, meaner and less respectful of the traditions of the "honored association." See **WORLD**.



## NATION: The first presidential debate may be the Democrats' last, best hope 22

After getting into shape with briefing books, strategy sessions and mock confrontations, Reagan and Mondale come out fighting in Louisville. ▶ At halftime in the campaign, Bush rates high on experience, Ferraro on charisma. ▶ Labor Secretary Raymond Donovan is indicted and temporarily steps down from his job. ▶ For love and money, an FBI agent sells out to a Soviet spy.



## WORLD: China tosses a giant bash to celebrate its 35th birthday 52

Planes, missiles, bands, fireworks and more than half a million people crowd Peking's Tiananmen Square to mark the anniversary of Mao Tse-tung's 1949 takeover and to show off the nation's military confidence. ▶ On the eve of Prime Minister Shimon Peres' Washington visit, Israel's faltering economy crowds out diplomatic talk. ▶ Nicaragua tries to keep the U.S. off balance.



**75 Space**  
The Soviets, who run the world's largest orbital program, greet a returning crew that set an endurance record in the skies.

**101 Books**  
D.H. Lawrence's long-lost novel, *Mr. Noon*, is finally published. ▶ Alison Lurie takes a witty, stylish look at *Foreign Affairs*.

**79 Press**  
The last battle of the Viet Nam War involves General William Westmoreland, CBS—and some First Amendment rights.

**109 Computers**  
*Softwar*, a novel about sabotage and software bombs, catches the fancy of the French. ▶ How families cope with the newest tube.

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Arguing over how much the huge federal deficit really matters. ▶ First Chicago shows a startling loss. ▶ California's grape depression.

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Scholarship, beauty and intensity mark a major exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art on the sources of primitivism.

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**Cover:**  
Illustration by  
Nicholas Gaetano

# PLAY BALL!

SPORT

Ford and Stan Musial present a scrapbook of World Series memories.

They call it the Fall Classic—and for good reason. The World Series is a stage set for a nation's entertainment, complete with a cast of feisty ballplayers, crusty managers, and obstinate umps.

This week in TIME, Ford invites you to remember some heroic Series contests of the past with one of baseball's greats, Stan Musial. In a special advertising section, Stan the Man brings to life some of the most thrilling—and raucous—moments in Series history.

In his role as historian, Professor Musial examines an unusual phenomenon: Every ten years, from 1914 right up to 1974, the World Series has produced a particularly spectacular match-up.

This week in TIME, you'll recall Dizzy Dean and the Gashouse Gang of 1934, fastball artist Walter Johnson and his Senators of 1924, Willie Mays and the Giants of 1954, and those memorable A's of 1974, Reggie Jackson and Catfish Hunter.

In 1984, according to the calendar, Series magic is due to strike once more. Get in the spirit by joining Stan Musial to ask, "1984: Will It Happen Again?"



This week in TIME

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## A Letter from the Publisher

One morning last week, in a dining room atop the Time & Life Building in New York City, nine of TIME's editors, correspondents and writers assembled for breakfast and a conversation with Mexico's Foreign Minister, Bernardo Sepúlveda Amor. For more than an hour, Sepúlveda answered questions about his country's relations with the U.S., and about the unrest in Central America. By the time the last coffees were finished, the TIME hosts had received yet another reminder that, as Chief of Correspondents Richard Duncan says, "Leaders and their informal conversations are usually much more interesting than their official statements."

Scores of U.S. and foreign officials are invited for similar informal encounters. At these small gatherings, the people who report the news at TIME get a wider picture of the people who make it. The receptions are held throughout the year, but take on an added bustle in the first weeks of autumn, when government leaders converge on New York City for the United Nations General Assembly. In the ten-day period prior to their breakfast with Sepúlveda, TIME journalists met with the President of Argentina (in this case, at his New York City hotel), the Prime Minister of Lebanon, and the foreign ministers of Australia, Austria and Jordan.

In addition to government leaders, opposition figures are in-



TIME's Duncan, left, and Cave flank Mexico's Sepúlveda

markedly frank, as was the case with Nicaragua's Ortega. (In a gracious prelude to a hard-hitting conversation, he presented Time Inc. Editor-in-Chief Henry Grunwald and TIME Managing Editor Ray Cave with a painting by a Nicaraguan artist.)

Often TIME's staff members invite distinguished statesmen whom they have met as correspondents. Former Bonn Bureau Chief William Mader helped to bring in West Germany's then Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. Onetime Paris Bureau Chief Henry Muller invited French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson. As Senior Editor Muller puts it, "Hearing someone present a policy in person, regardless of what other information or analysis you have, helps you to understand that policy better."

*John A. Meyers*



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## Freedom of speech does not exist in a vacuum

The Federal Communications Commission is currently conducting an inquiry into whether it should do away with the Fairness Doctrine. In our view—which we've expressed to the FCC in a formal filing—eliminating the Fairness Doctrine would not only be wrong, but illegal, too.

The doctrine mandates that broadcasters provide fair and balanced presentations of conflicting viewpoints on controversial issues of public importance. It has been in place in its present form since 1959, when Congress passed an amended Communications Act.

But the Communications Act isn't the only legal basis for the doctrine. There's also the matter of the First Amendment to the Constitution. If the FCC eliminates the Fairness Doctrine, broadcasters will have no incentive to oblige the First Amendment rights of television viewers. And the FCC will, in effect, be stating that the First Amendment rights of broadcasters are superior to those of the general public. For, as we said in our filing, "... freedom of speech does not exist in a vacuum. The public's First Amendment right to receive a balanced presentation of views may not be constitutionally ignored."

We have long stressed in messages like this one that the print media have the obligation to be truthful and fair in reporting and commenting on the news. We've also maintained that no lesser standard should apply to broadcast licensees, and the Fairness Doctrine provides at least some assurance that such standards will be followed.

Which is not to say that the doctrine is a perfect device, at least the way the commercial TV networks follow its mandate. For example, as like this one, expressing a point of view, are still barred from commercial network TV. But Mobil, as a company, has had some success in having broadcasters air conflicting viewpoints, and we've done so without ever having to involve the FCC itself. Indeed, we believe our actions caused the discussion of conflicting views on particular problems, and also caused broadcasters to be aware of the need to present opposing viewpoints on controversial issues of public importance. In fact, some broadcasters actually devoted specific resources to searching out opposing viewpoints.

But only because the Fairness Doctrine exists as a lever. Too many broadcasters still argue that their speech is impeded because the expression of a particular view may create Fairness Doctrine obligations for them. But such arguments reveal only that some broadcasters are unwilling to meet their public-interest obligations under the Communications Act and are insensitive to the First Amendment rights of their audiences. The FCC shouldn't encourage and condone such actions.

Those who favor the elimination of the doctrine argue that it might have been needed back in the early days of radio and TV, when there was a scarcity of frequencies and channels. Today, they say, such new video outlets as cable and satellite TV and video cassettes make the doctrine unnecessary. But these do not provide sufficient news and public affairs programming to compete with the networks. At least three-quarters of the prime-time TV audience remain commercial network viewers.

The fact is, most Americans get most of their news and public information from free, over-the-air television, transmitted by commercial broadcast licensees. And these millions of television viewers need the protection of the Fairness Doctrine.

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2. Take a call from your Group Head and fill her in on yesterday's Consolidated presentation.

## 8:01—Flat Tire.

3. Phone AAA® to arrange for Emergency Road Service when you have a flat on the Tri-State.

4. Call up your 9:00 appointment in Naperville and tell them you'll be fifteen minutes late.

5. While AAA changes the flat, punch in your credit card access code and call your mother-in-law in Pittsburgh.

6. After your appointment in Naperville, call your secretary and dictate a letter as you drive downtown.

7. Make reservations for a client lunch at the Pump Room as you cruise through Downers Grove.

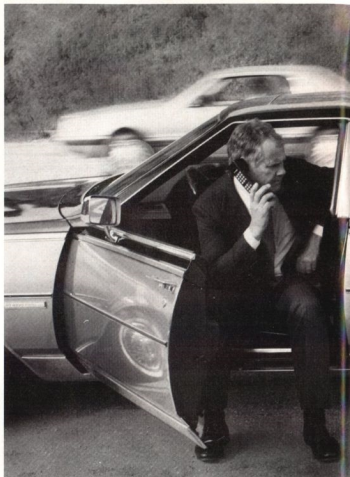
## 10:53—Berwyn to Paris.

8. Stop for gas in Berwyn. Dial direct to your Paris office while the attendant tops off your tank with unleaded.

9. Take a call from Nelson-Vibert Inc., canceling their latest order. They've filed Chapter XI.

10. As you arrive in the Loop, take a call from the Executive Vice President, who insists you be in Rolling Meadows for a meeting at 1:15.

11. Call the client you were supposed to have lunch with, and reschedule.



12. Phone the Pump Room and cancel.

13. Call Frank in Engineering for some technical advice while in transit to Rolling Meadows. He's out to lunch.

## 12:02—Fast food, faster deal.

14. Stop at McDonald's® on the North Side for a quick bite. Make a follow-up call to the Besney-Hartfield Corp. people—they're ready to deal.

15. Call the company attorney and ask him to draw up the contracts.

16. Take a call from an antsy Besney-Hartfield and reassure them that delivery can be accomplished within 24 hours.



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17. Phone Shipping and plead for 24-hour delivery.
18. Call your secretary and tell her to express signed contracts to Besney-Hartfield *tonight*.
- 1:07—Executive stress.**
19. Seven minutes from Rolling Meadows, phone in a question for a radio talk show about executive stress.
20. As you pull into one of those corporate parks in Rolling Meadows, take an urgent call from the bean-counters on the *West Coast*.
21. Result of three-hour meeting in Rolling Meadows necessitates an immediate trip to St. Paul.

As you head home to pack, call Northwest Orient to book a 7:15 flight.

#### 4:19—Get out of town.

22. Call Marriott's toll-free number to book a room in St. Paul.
23. Take a call from your 7-year-old daughter, who just fell on the driveway and skinned her knee.
24. Phone Doris in Information Services, ask her to prepare a briefing kit, and to ship it overnight to your hotel.
25. Reschedule tomorrow's meetings.
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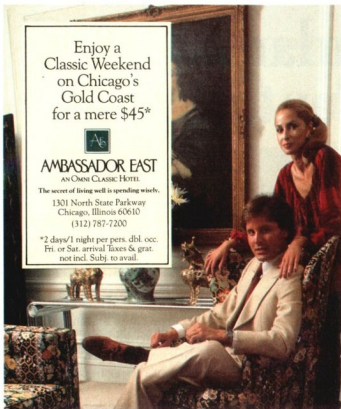
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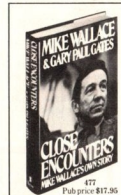
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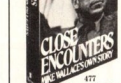
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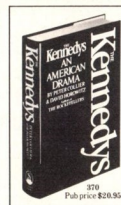
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4-04

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Age:  3-6  7-10  11-14

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## Letters

### America Aglow

To the Editors:

I am elated. Your "America's Upbeat Mood" [NATION, Sept. 24] article captures the essence of the prevailing U.S. spirit. How refreshing to read that we are celebrating our nation and that displaying affection for our country is in vogue. This radiating sentiment invigorates and livens our communities. It rejuvenates our purpose as a nation.

Michael Todd Miller  
Nashville

What is wrong with patriotism? Probably nothing, unless it is a guise for mass escapism. Given the spiraling deficit, the nuclear arms buildup, the decline of the middle class, I think the current "glow" will be short-lived. Sooner or later we are going to have to face reality.

Clark D. Mueller  
Florence, Ala.



The current upbeat and patriotic mood of the nation is in large measure attributable to President Reagan. He has told us what is right about us and about the country. It stands to reason that, after being constantly told what is wrong for the past ten years, Americans would think kindly of a man who could tell them what is right about themselves.

Robert C. McClure  
Lake Jackson, Texas

The joy of freedom is what makes me love the U.S.

Eric Troxell  
Asheville, Pa.

I feel quite loyal to America, but I am still waiting to be proud of it.

Sharla Vohs  
Oakland, Calif.

As a Canadian, I believe that my fellow citizens enjoy as much personal freedom and almost as much prosperity as Americans. Thus I regard the present surge of patriotism in the U.S. as a harm-

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	60%	80%	100%
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What's more, the RX-7's graceful good looks and retractable headlamps are as functional as they are beautiful. Both play a big part in paring down the car's drag coefficient to a mere 0.34.

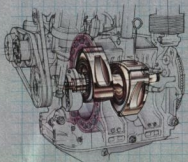
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## Letters

less if naive and tactless exercise in self-congratulation. I become quite frightened, however, at the memory of what other powerful nations have done in the past when they became convinced they had exclusive title to truth, freedom, justice or some other great moral virtue.

*Edwin R. Kammin  
Waltham, Mass.*

Instead of making ourselves stronger economically, we are getting deeper and deeper into debt. Right now some people are so confused, blind or maybe naive that they want to hear, read and believe only what they think is good, whether it is true or not. Would you call that a basis for renewed pride?

*Emma DeGoey  
Reseda, Calif.*

Americans should feel up. We deserve to feel good.

*Joe Wilharm  
Menasha, Wis.*

Your article describing America's upbeat mood cites patriotism for the increase in military enlistment. In our area, high school graduates who cannot afford the increasing cost of a college education have two options: a minimum-wage job or military service. Military service provides better pay, as well as benefits that cannot be found in the private sector.

*Stephen Meredith  
Tecumseh, Mich.*

I am a German who has lived in the U.S. for only a few months. Pride in being a member of a nation is not bad. But I notice that this feeling blocks out everything outside the U.S. Your nation is a beautiful and powerful one. Yet it is part of this world. Nearly everything that happens in other countries affects the U.S., and vice versa. I think Americans should be more aware of this.

*Joerg Boese  
Atlanta*

### **Delicate Difference**

Charles Krauthammer's story on religion and politics [ESSAY, Sept. 24] inexplicably distorts the distinction I drew between Government policy and private choice. Obviously my speech on tolerance does not suggest that help for the poor, racial discrimination and murder are "private choices," since in every case more than the welfare of the individual is involved. No one in our society questions that. But there is a deep division within our society about whether this is the case with respect to abortion. Appropriately then, it is a matter for individual and not Government decision. Krauthammer's misreading of my position is glibly farfetched.

*Edward M. Kennedy  
U.S. Senator, Massachusetts  
Washington, D.C.*



# DO POLITICIANS MAKE YOU SICK?

People in public office can have a great effect on what happens in your doctor's office. Because, if politicians don't help keep health care costs under control, you won't be able to afford the treatment you need.

So before you vote for anyone this November, find out what candidates think about certain health issues. Write or call those running for local, state and national office and ask

them these three things:

1. Do they support policies to bring health care cost inflation under control? If so, what are they?

2. Do they support putting reasonable limits on what doctors and hospitals can charge?

3. Do they believe that cost ceilings imposed on doctors and hospitals should apply to all patients, not just Medicare beneficiaries?

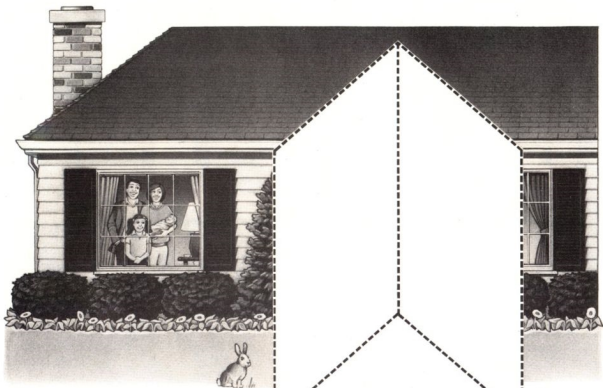
Ask these questions and politicians will realize

people are taking action against skyrocketing health care costs. And, the first place they're taking action is in the voting booth.

For more information on how you can help cut rising health care costs, write: The American Association of Retired Persons, Dept. T, Washington, D.C. 20049.



Cut the Cost, Keep the Care.



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**How to keep heating costs down for that new room you're putting up.**



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## 6:30 PM CROSSFIRE

On the left, a leading liberal. On the right, a canny conservative. Between them, a verbal battle that will set your ears on fire!

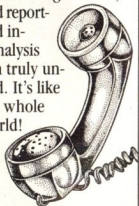
These men aren't afraid to say what they really think—even on national tv!



## 7 PM PRIME NEWS

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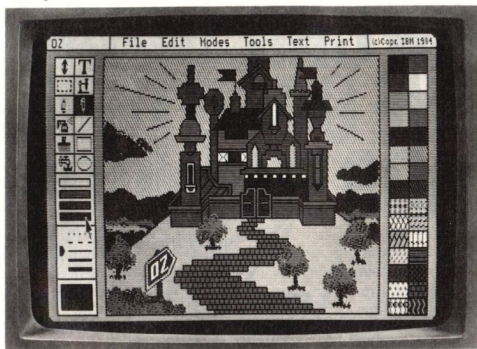
## 8 PM FREEMAN REPORTS

Give the world's leading newsmakers a piece of your mind—call in your comments tonight! Award-winning journalist Sandi Freeman begins the hour with an intriguing interview—then turns the show over to you!

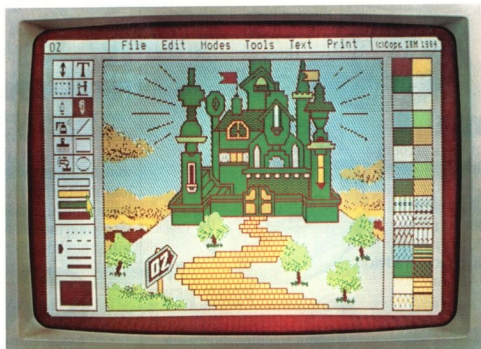
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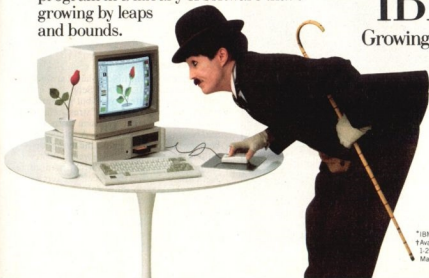
It's sophisticated, yet extremely easy to use. (It works with a friendly little mouse!) So you can sit right down and paint just about anything you can think.

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## Letters

New York Governor Mario Cuomo distorts and oversimplifies the American Lutheran Church's position as supporting legalized abortion [NATION, Sept. 24]. Actually, the church's 1980 statement on abortion "affirms that human life from conception, created in the image of God, is always sacred" and "deplores the absence of any legal protection for human life from the time of conception until birth." The American Lutheran Church acknowledges that there may be circumstances when "an induced abortion may be a tragic option." But it notes "the alarming increase of induced abortions since the 1973 Supreme Court decision and views this as an irresponsible abuse of God's gift of life."

*Herb W. David*

*Director of Public Information  
American Lutheran Church  
Minneapolis*

## Worshipping in China

Your one-sided reporting of the church in China [RELIGION, Sept. 17] does not take into account the fact that, like most Americans, Chinese Christians do, on religious grounds, support the leaders of their churches and country. During the past 35 years in China, there has been a "love church, love country" practice that permeates the Christian communities. Chinese Christians are trying their very best to seek unity among their diverse traditional backgrounds of Christianity in socialist China. American Christians have much to learn from them.

*Frank J. Wood*

*Director, China Program  
National Council of the Churches of Christ  
New York City*

Your recent article on the harsh persecution of Chinese Christians who desire to worship in free or house churches rather than in official government-sanctioned ones starkly illustrates that freedom of worship does not exist today in China. Chinese citizens are not free to worship as they choose.

*Rodney L. Stiling  
Madison, Wis.*

## Animal Fitness

Farmers feed antibiotic-laced grain to food animals [MEDICINE, Sept. 24] not merely to stimulate growth but primarily prophylactically, to ward off stress-related diseases that current intensive farm-animal rearing practices create. A solution to both problems is to improve the living conditions. A recent study of the veal industry commissioned by the U.S. Department of Agriculture showed that if calves exercise and associate with other calves, they require less medication and gain weight more quickly than those reared in confinement. Other studies reveal that cattle, pigs and poultry grow more quickly and have

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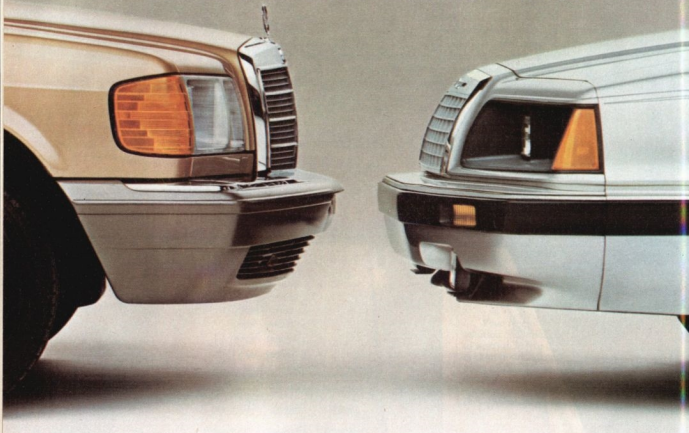


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## Letters

fewer stress-induced diseases when physiological, social and behavioral needs are taken into account.

*John F. Kullberg, President  
A.S.P.C.A.  
New York City*

### Paying for Lodz

Stefan Kanfer, in concluding his review of *The Chronicle of the Lodz Ghetto, 1941-1944* [BOOKS, Sept. 10], implied a direct link from Nazi atrocities to the creation of the state of Israel to our current guilt or discomfort over tensions in the Middle East. If indeed the world is paying so "high a price," the reason—anti-Semitism—predates the Second World War. As those "headlines from the Middle East" testify, that continues to this day.

*Samuel M. Lohman  
Oklahoma City*

I doubt if the 240,000 men, women and children who inhabited the Lodz ghetto would appreciate your discussion of their tragic existence in one breath, and in the next, your political statement that "one has only to glance at the headlines from the Middle East to know how high a price the world continues to pay for the crimes that were committed there." There is no price to be paid. The residents of Lodz paid long ago.

*Joan S. Marcus  
Huntington Beach, Calif.*

### Outcast Offspring

In assigning blame and guilt solely to military men for the tragedy of the illegitimate Amerasian children [NATION, Sept. 24], you overlook the thousands of newsmen, civilian contractors, Government employees and merchants who flocked to Viet Nam in pursuit of the dollar.

*William F. Sullivan  
Seattle*

Secretary of State George Shultz fails to tell us who pays when the Amerasian youngsters are brought to the U.S. If these children are shunned by their maternal families, tell me why we are also taking their family members. Who is to know if we are being used, as we were by the Cubans, as a dumping ground for prisoners?

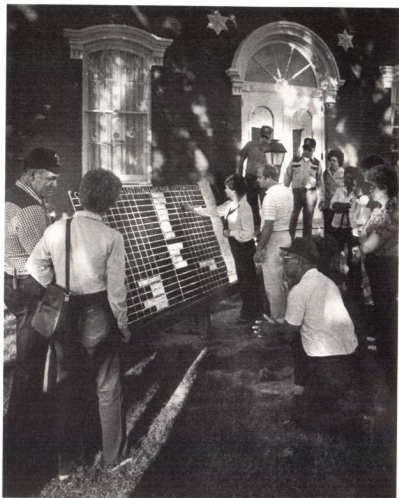
*James Hanson  
Rochester, Minn.*

### All Together Now

Requiring public prayer [NATION, Sept. 24] in this country is like asking the members of the United Nations to stand and sing the national anthem of one country.

*Peter Cushnie  
Milford, Conn.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.



ON ELECTION DAY in Jack Daniel's Country it doesn't take long to find out who won.

There are only five precincts to be heard from. So the results get tallied pretty quick. And our County Judge has them posted right on the courthouse square. This November, there's no predicting how our citizens will be voting. But, no matter where in America you live, we hope you'll be joining us at the polls.



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TIME/OCTOBER 15, 1984

## Prime Time Showdown

Face to face with Reagan, Mondale makes his case

### CAMPAIGN



Ronald Reagan thought he had saved his best shot for last. He reminded voters that as a challenger in 1980, he had asked Americans, "Are you better off than you were four years ago?" and that they had answered by electing him President. Now, he said, the question should be "Is America better off than it was four years ago?" The answer, he said, "has to be yes."

It was a hard point to rebut, but Walter Mondale was ready with an answer: "The real question is *will* we be better off? Are we better off with this arms race? Are we better off when we load our children with this fantastic debt?"

For weeks, Mondale had lagged so far behind Reagan that he was barely within shouting range. But finally last Sunday night in Louisville he was on the same podium, eight feet away from Reagan in the first of two presidential debates. It was, almost certainly, his last, best chance to turn a runaway election into a close contest again. Just by being on the same stage with the President, by holding his own and indeed by scoring significant points, Mondale not only avoided a knockout blow, he helped his cause.

To what extent will not be known for days, perhaps not until Nov. 6. Mondale appeared poised and prepared, and even showed flashes of the humor that he is capable of but has rarely displayed during the campaign. Surprisingly, he was more at ease than the President. Most important, he was able to give his candidacy a coherence and theme that had not been readily apparent on the campaign trail. Reagan did not appear to do himself any serious damage, but he seemed somewhat hesitant and occasionally became tangled up in facts and figures. He lacked, for once, his uncanny ability to rise above the details of governing and strike overarching themes.

On the stump, Mondale has not had much success making an issue of the federal deficit. But on Sunday night he aggressively pressed Reagan for his "plan"

to deal with the problem. "President Reagan takes the position [the deficit] will disappear by magic," scoffed Mondale. Reagan insisted that he would not raise taxes, and that the recovery would produce the needed revenues to close the budget gap. Reagan charged, "I don't believe that Mr. Mondale has a plan for balancing the budget. He has a plan for raising taxes." But at moments the President seemed defensive. He insisted that high interest rates were not caused by rising deficits, an assertion, Mondale point-

ing, I respect the Presidency, and I think he knows that," Mondale said. But when Reagan repeated a line he had used with devastating effect on Jimmy Carter in 1980—"There you go again"—to knock down Mondale's claim that whoever won the election would have to raise taxes, Mondale was ready with a pointed comeback. He reminded the President that he had said "There you go again" after Carter charged that Reagan planned to cut Medicare, and that after Reagan was elected he had tried to cut Medicare by \$20 billion.

If Reagan was winged by such jabs, he did not appear to bleed too badly. Mondale lacked a true jugular instinct, missing several openings to bore in. The debate clearly served to air issues that have been somewhat submerged in the campaign thus far. For viewers, the debate was a reassuring reminder of the fundamental strengths of America's democratic process. If it did not produce a closer race, it produced a far more interesting one.

Afterward, Mondale's men were ecstatic. "It was beyond our wildest dreams," said Richard Leone, a senior adviser. "The contrast was striking. It was a metaphor for what is wrong with America. Reagan had the opportunities to talk about the future and he said nothing." Said Campaign Chairman James Johnson: "The most important thing that happened tonight was that Walter Mondale took command of the stage on which Ronald Reagan was standing." But the Reaganists claimed victory too. Said Reagan's debate adviser, White House Aide Richard Darman: "Mondale needed a knockout and didn't even get a draw."

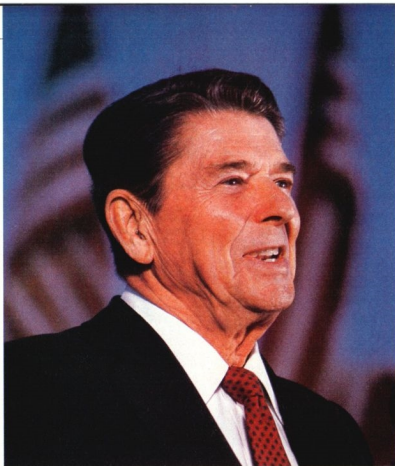
Both sides affected a carefree attitude on the eve of the debate. Reagan shrugged that he was "as ready as I'll ever be," as he stepped off Air Force One into a steady rain in Louisville. Mondale chatted with reporters on his campaign plane, pretending to cringe and bite his knuckles when asked if he was nervous. Told that 120 million people around the world were expected to watch the debate, he cracked, "Gee, that's larger than my average crowd." Working hard to present a confident air,



ed out, that did not square with the views of many of Reagan's own advisers.

One of the sharpest areas of disagreement came on the emotional issue of abortion. In attempting to tackle the question of whether the decision should be a matter of personal choice, the President asserted, "Isn't that what a murderer is insisting on, his or her right to kill someone?" Mondale argued that abortion was a difficult moral dilemma in every individual case, one in which Government should play no role. "Does every woman in America have to present herself before some judge picked by Jerry Falwell to clear her personal judgment?" he asked, raising as he did three times in the debate the specter of the influence claimed by the leader of the Moral Majority.

Mondale was careful not to attack Reagan personally. "I respect the Presi-



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stage. Richard Nixon, a quasi-incumbent in 1960 by virtue of his two terms as Vice President, took a drubbing in his first debate with John Kennedy and may have lost the election as a result. Sitting on big leads, Lyndon Johnson in 1964 and Nixon in 1972 never came close to debating their opponents. Gerald Ford in 1976 and Jimmy Carter in 1980 were willing to take the chance because they were locked in tight races. It was a losing gamble.

Reagan was willing to take on Mondale because debates have become a campaign fixture and are risky to duck, and because he believed he could do well.

Reagan, too, boned up for four days last week, poring over a thick, white-covered briefing book and rehearsing with his sparring partner of 1980, Budget Director David Stockman. Mondale had wanted to meet the President without interlocutors, but at the insistence of White House Chief of Staff James Baker, the candidates were questioned by reporters, not each other. The President's men had figured, wrongly as it turned out, that Mondale would try to bait or rattle Reagan in the hope of making him seem shaky or befuddled, and they wanted to cushion the challenger's shots as much as possible. Baker insisted that the President, who is slightly hard of hearing, be allowed to attach an audio-amplification device to his lectern to enable him to hear questions better.

To do any necessary damage control and to help shape the all-important

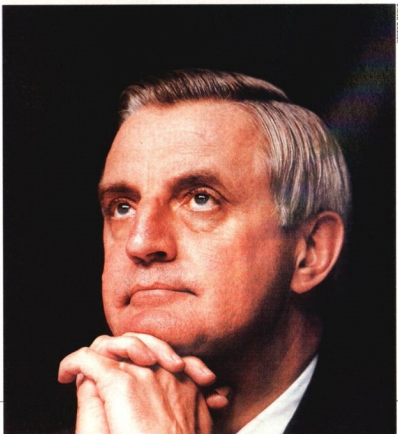
Reagan exudes affability at a campaign rally in Mississippi; Mondale collects his thoughts before an appearance in Arkansas

Mondale Campaign Manager Robert Beckel told reporters to look for "hard kidney shots" from his man.

But there was no disguising the stakes. Johnson declared that the debate "represents the most extraordinary opportunity of Mondale's career thus far for people to take a sustained measure of him as a person." White House aides said that for the first time in the campaign, the mood in the White House was tense. Given the right to veto reporters suggested by the League of Women Voters as panel questioners, the two sides rejected almost 100 before settling on Diane Sawyer of CBS, James Wiegart of Scripps-Howard News Service and Fred Barnes of the Baltimore *Sun*.

For most of four days last week, Mondale holed up in his Washington, D.C., home, diligently preparing. In white sneakers and an old pair of bell-bottom blue jeans, he slumped in an armchair, studying a black briefing book of some 25 likely questions. Then he moved into his dining room, temporarily transformed into a television studio, to engage in mock debates. The part of Reagan was usually played by Columbia University President Michael Sovern, a former law professor of Mondale's at the University of Minnesota. Sovern affected Reagan's affable style, even his phrasing and sentence patterns.

As a rule, sitting Presidents do not like debates, realizing that the challenger gets a boost simply by being elevated to the same



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## Nation

"spin" the press will put on the encounters, Baker ordered top White House aides to be available to reporters for debate post-mortems, particularly televised ones. He believes that the voters await the judgments of pundits and TV commentators about who won and who lost before making up their own minds.

The days preceding the debate had not been particularly good ones for Reagan. He had been testy when asked about the indictment of Labor Secretary Raymond

gingerly than might have been expected, perhaps because they did not want to revive the controversy over the personal finances of Geraldine Ferraro and her husband John Zaccaro. Mondale allowed that "there has been a tacky element to the Administration" but said that he did not want to appear "pious" because other Administrations, including Democratic ones, had also suffered because of the peccadilloes of their officials. He was likewise restrained about Vice President

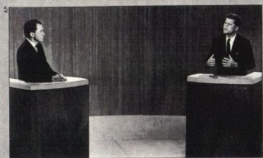
With one poll showing Reagan winning as many as 49 states, congressional and local Democratic candidates are increasingly concerned that Mondale will drag them down with him. The only Massachusetts congressional candidate to invite Mondale to appear in the state so far was a Republican, Senate Candidate Raymond Shamie, who figured perversely that a visit by the top of the Democratic ticket would hurt his Democratic opponent. In Tennessee, Republican Senate Candidate Victor Ashe offered to donate \$5 to the favorite charity of his Democratic opponent, Congressman Albert Gore, if Gore just mentioned Mondale's name. Gore studiously ignored the gimmick.

A cornerstone of the national Democratic strategy has been to turn out a record number of voters on Election Day. In 1980, 86.5 million people voted; this year "if 100 million voters go to the polls, we win," says Ann Lewis, political director of the Democratic National Committee. The Democrats claim they have registered at least 3 million new voters. But the Republicans boast that they have added as many to their rolls, and the conservative fundamentalist group Moral Majority claims an additional 2 million. What is more, the polls dispute the assumption that a high turnout favors the Democrats. A Harris poll last week showed that while Mondale trails Reagan by 13% among likely voters, he trails by 17% among unlikely voters. In part, this may be because young people—who tend to sit out elections—are heavily pro-Reagan.

**T**he Republicans have many intangibles going their way. Times are good. The people like Reagan the man. Last week, as the sun set slowly in a cloudless sky, some 40,000 turned out in Gulfport, Miss., to watch Reagan preach the politics of happiness. "Don't trust the professional pessimists," Reagan told them. "Trust the American people. The shadows are behind us, and the bright sunshine of hope and opportunity lies ahead." He offered a string of patriotic homilies, and almost no substance. His listeners interrupted his 24-min. speech 54 times with applause, and when Reagan shrugged, "Well, I've got to go now," they shouted, "No! No! No!" Reagan waved genially. A thousand balloons floated skyward. The crowd chanted, "Four more years! Four more years!"

Mondale was hoping that the debates would cut through the hoopla and concentrate voters' minds on specific issues. While voters favor Reagan, they tend to agree more with Mondale's stands on specifics like the environment and arms control. Yet it remains to be seen whether issues, even fired by a second debate performance as impressive as Sunday night's, can compete with the powerful imagery of Ronald Reagan.

—By Evan Thomas.  
Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Douglas Brew/Washington



1960: Kennedy's cool trumped Nixon, and the former Vice President never recovered



1976: Ignoring the wisdom that incumbents do not debate, Ford gambled, and lost to Carter

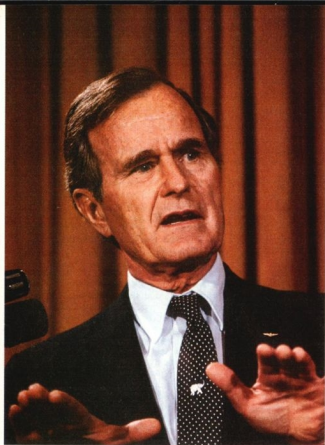


1980: Carter scored rhetorical points, but Reagan took the debate, and the election

Donovan (see following story). The President accused the press of a "lynch atmosphere" and insisted that the only "sleaze factor" was "baseless charges and accusations" against officials in his Administration. Reagan aides doubt that the Donovan indictment in itself will have any lasting political fallout, although they worry that it will add to the impression that Administration officials have more than their share of ethical lapses and legal problems.

While campaigning last week, the Democrats treated the sleaze factor more

George Bush, who revealed last week that he had been forced by the IRS to pay \$198,000 in back taxes. Mondale did protest that it was "not fair at all" for a wealthy man like Bush to pay only 13% of his income in federal taxes last year, a point he struck at firmly during the debate (Mondale himself paid 31%). Running Mate Ferraro was even more circumspect, refusing to comment on Donovan because, "quite frankly, I've been the subject of a lot of unfair accusations."



Bush: holding firm in the polls despite campaign stumbles



Ferraro: even as her rallies get bigger, voter resistance grows

## Spotlight on the Seconds

*They're No. 2s—and they're trying hard*



No one much cared what William Miller said about Hubert Humphrey in 1964, or what charges Sargent Shriver leveled against Spiro Agnew in 1972. The truth is, no one has much cared what any vice-presidential candidate said or did—until this year. By selecting a woman, the Democrats made the 1984 contest for Vice President more intriguing than it has ever been. Indeed, the sideshow is regularly getting as much focus as the main event, partly because the electoral outcome seems predictable. Then there is the forward spin: both Geraldine Ferraro and George Bush plausibly have designs on other offices—Ferraro a Senate seat from New York in 1986, Bush the presidency in 1988. The political future of each may be affected more by public impressions made during the campaign than by the vote tally on Nov. 6. Those impressions stand to be fixed powerfully in voters' minds this week: the vice-presidential candidates meet for their single 90-min. debate on Thursday in Philadelphia.

So far in the campaign, Ferraro appears to be winning in the field, Bush on

paper. The Democrat has drawn large, enthusiastic crowds. Her quick-footedness has served her well. Bush, meanwhile, is surprisingly inept as a campaigner. His earnest speeches seldom excite even the smallest Republican crowds he usually addresses, and he sometimes reacts badly to the to-and-fro of daily campaigning. Yet according to public opinion polls, the Vice President, with his 18 years of solid national experience, is much more highly regarded than his Democratic counterpart. A New York Times/CBS News poll released Sunday found that 47% of voters view him favorably, compared with 35% who feel that way about Ferraro.

Ferraro delivered a typical, spunky performance when she visited the down-and-out steel city of Youngstown, Ohio. "Lost your job?" she asked at a rally. "If so, the Administration tells you to vote with your feet. Hungry? The Administration says to have some cheese..." But no political automaton she: Ferraro stopped, swiveled her head 90° to the right and pointed to a placard 100 ft. away. "I see a sign over there saying 'Gerry—we need jobs, not cheese.'" The crowd applauded the personal touch and mobbed her when she finished. Says Campaign Manager John Sasso: "The crowd felt

more excited than when they arrived."

She does have a knack, like Reagan, for coming across as both larger than life and down-to-earth—a friendly star. Her press secretary, Francis O'Brien, is also a Hollywood producer. "There's no formula for stardom," says O'Brien of his candidate's appeal. "But it starts when she looks at an audience, whether one person or 10,000, and actually sees them, engages them." Ferraro's confidence got a boost in late August, after her performance at a marathon press conference concerning her finances. "When she saw how bowled over everyone was," says an aide, "well, she's been running free ever since. That convinced her that the public and press would buy her exactly as she is."

Ferraro sizes up each audience before she speaks, and pitches to them. Last month she spoke about fiscal policy to a gathering in St. Paul with a kind of intimate urgency. "We've just got to get the deficit down," she said. "We really do." Last week in Memphis, during her first campaign appearance with Jesse Jackson, Ferraro left the versifying to him, but her cadences and declarative oomph seemed markedly Jacksonian.

Like every politician, Ferraro is not above pandering or a wisp of demagoguery. She advertises her Italian Americanism: "No one could be more patriotic than an immigrant's daughter nominated to be the Vice President of the United States." When Central America comes up, she

mentions her 20-year-old son. "I did not raise my son John to die in an undeclared war for some uncertain cause."

Her penchant for head-on confrontation showed itself last week during a tour of a Chrysler plant in Belvidere, Ill. "When I see polls showing that 35% of U.A.W. workers will vote for Ronald Reagan," she said to the factory crowd of 250, "it absolutely floors me. I want to find out why." The workers were mum. At last one mentioned Carter and Iran. "O.K.," she shot back. "Have those people worried about Iran seen what's happened in Beirut recently? Are we standing tall in Lebanon with a President who doesn't take responsibility?" Ferraro kept answering and challenging. Once she showed her testy streak. A worker, complaining about welfare cheats, said he knew of a woman who was illegally getting four monthly Government checks. Said Ferraro: "Quite frankly, I don't believe you."

When exhaustion hits, her spunk can turn to bile. At the end of a rugged four-day campaign swing, she gave an ungenerous press conference. "Where have you been?" she snapped to a not-too-acute questioner, and said to another, "I answered that before—wasn't I loud enough?" Republicans contend that displays of her clackety-clack Queens, N.Y., style put off vast numbers of voters. Says one White House aide of Ferraro: "She comes across as too abrasive." Richard Wirthlin, the President's pollster, suggests her audiences are swollen by the converted and the merely curious. "She is a historical celebrity," he says. "Whether they support her or not, they applaud the fact that one more barrier has been broken."

For much of September, public opinion polls did not reflect the excitement generated by Ferraro on the stump. Many surveys, in fact, showed an increase in her negative ratings. But the new *Times*/CBS poll found that the number of voters who



Ferraro supporters cheer in North Carolina



Rallying for Bush in Tulsa

view her favorably has jumped 10 points in the past month.

Her comparative inexperience bothers some voters. Bush has an impressive résumé: CIA director, U.N. ambassador, envoy to China. His greatest political strength is that voters currently find him more credible than Ferraro as a possible President. Yet despite his Government service, Bush has not often come across as a savant during the campaign. Last month in remarks at a Vermont college, he committed an elaborate fumble concerning the 1979 Nicaraguan revolution. "The Sandinistas came in," he said. "They overthrew Somoza, killed him and overthrew him. Killed him, threw him out." In fact, ex-Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle was assassinated in Paraguay after a year in

exile. When reporters challenged Bush, the Vice President said he had meant Sandinistas in a "generic" sense.

Bush, the well-bred Ivy Leaguer, does not attack his opponents very convincingly. Instead of going for the jugular, he often feints and pricks without cutting deep. Too often he seems to think out loud, and his hand gestures tend to be imperfectly synced with his speech. In a recent address at the Illinois capital, his lampoon of Mondale had a schoolboy quality. "I must say, I'd hate to be Walter Mondale these days," said Bush. "I do, I honestly do feel sorry for Fritz Mondale at times. He's a negative sort of guy. Whenever he talks about the President, he's got a pained look on his face, like he needs some Pepto-Bismol... Come on, Fritz, lighten up."

Although the theme he hits hardest and most sincerely is the country's newly expansive mood, Bush himself has seemed a bit halfhearted. "Sometimes it's fun," he ventures, but confesses, "I'll be glad when the campaign is over, no question about that." Bush appears ill at ease when almost any controversial issues of substance arise. He gets prickly when pressed, and pressed again, to explain where his views and the President's differ. During his 1980 presidential candidacy, Bush, in contrast to Reagan, supported the Equal Rights Amendment and the right to abortions in certain cases. "I've answered my last question on abortion," he announced at a press conference last month. That night in Atlanta, however, an insistent group of reporters asked again. An exasperated Bush launched into a weird rant. "You guys are just a pack," he said. "You come zooming in on something. Just take what I said, take it literally, take it figuratively, anywhere else. Put it down. Mark it down. Good. You got it. Elevate it. Elevate it."

The subversion of his own identity may be politically harmful. Says a former Bush aide: "It's a lapdog problem." If Reagan is re-elected, his scrupulous sidekick may not strike voters as especially presidential four years hence. "It makes him look wimpish," says an adviser. "It makes him look like he doesn't have an opinion of his own." Just so. When Bush was asked about his views on abortion in September, says an aide, "frankly, he couldn't remember what his position was." Bush is motivated more by the old patrician devotion to public service than by any well-defined ideology. Because he does not bristle with political principles, he is flexible. Loyalty is thus easier to maintain.

Now, however, is the debate. As they prepared last weekend, Ferraro seemed nervous. At least her campaign manager is confident. "I think she's going to be a lot more comfortable saying what she wants than Bush will," said Sasso. Bush, however, was relaxed. "I will try to be myself, for better or for worse," he said. "Not tear her down but let her speak up on her side. You have to be what you are. You gotta hang in there."

—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by David Beckwith with Ferraro and Melissa Ludtke with Bush

## Tax and Spend

**T**irades against the Internal Revenue Service amount to a minor national sport. Now even the Vice President is playing: In July, George Bush paid the IRS \$198,000 in back taxes and interest, and he is planning to sue, if necessary, to get his money back. "I'm the guy that's been taken to the cleaners," Bush said last week. The payment to the IRS represents close to 10% of his net worth.

The Vice President's problem stems from the 1981 sale of his Houston home. The Bushes made a profit of \$596,000 on the sale, which they used to buy their \$870,000 house in Kennebunkport, Me. Bush claims that he is entitled to the standard deferral of capital gains taxes for people who use their profits from the sale of their principal residence to buy another. The IRS ruled otherwise: because the official vice-presidential mansion in Washington, D.C., is where Bush spends most of his time, that is his principal residence. Under protest, Bush paid a back tax of \$129,000. Another \$54,000 was interest, and the remaining \$15,000 was for taxes he owed on 1980 campaign monies that the IRS ruled he must treat as income.

Bush argues that because he is obliged to live in the Government house, he is caught in an unfair catch-22. Why did he not reveal his tax troubles months ago? "You didn't ask me about it," offered Bush. His dispute came to light last week when he released his recent federal income tax returns. For the past three years, the Bushes had a gross income of \$810,000, of which they paid 37% in federal income tax, which is about average for people in their tax bracket.





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The Labor Secretary leaves Bronx courthouse after pleading not guilty in an alleged construction company fraud scheme

## Time Out for the Defense

*Indicted in New York, Donovan takes a leave from the Cabinet*

**F**or a member of the President's Cabinet, the situation could hardly have been more humiliating. Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan walked into a forbidding concrete courthouse in New York City last week to be booked, fingerprinted and photographed like a common criminal. He looked startled when the policeman taking his mug shot remarked dryly, "I suppose I'll see you again." The cameraman was joking, other officers explained. "I don't think he was," replied the grim-faced Secretary. After going through more than two hours of processing, including a computerized check of his fingerprints against those of known fugitives, Donovan was led by detectives to a New York State Supreme Court room jammed with reporters. Arraigned before a state judge, the Secretary had some unusual company: a convicted mobster newly charged with murder, a bookie accused of being an accomplice in the killing, a Democratic state senator and seven dark-suited executives of a construction company that held more than \$500 million in government contracts last year.

Donovan and nine assorted co-defendants stood accused of grand larceny, as well as 125 counts of falsifying business documents and eleven counts of filing phony papers with government agencies. The purpose and end result, according to an indictment handed up by a Bronx grand jury, was to defraud the New York City Transit Authority of some \$8 million on a \$186 million subway contract awarded to New Jersey's Schiavone Construction Co. in 1978. At the time, Donovan was executive vice president and one of

two controlling stockholders in the firm. He is the first Cabinet member ever to be indicted while still in office.\*

The indictment was a bitter blow to Donovan, 54, a seminary graduate who once considered becoming a priest. Instead, he went into the construction business, and became a millionaire building subways, bridges, tunnels and airports in the New York-New Jersey metropolitan area. One of the first business executives in the Northeast to come out strongly for Ronald Reagan during the 1980 Republican primaries, he eventually raised \$600,000 for the campaign. Donovan's reward was a Cabinet post. From his earliest days in office, however, he was plagued by accusations, mostly made by gangsters, that he and his company had close ties to organized crime.

Investigations of Donovan by the FBI, the U.S. Attorney's office in New York and Special Prosecutor Leon Silverman produced no indictments. Silverman, while expressing concern over the "disturbing" number of allegations against Donovan, had concluded after two separate probes that there was "insufficient credible evidence" to accuse the Secretary of having broken any federal laws.

Apparently feeling that his long ordeal was about over, Donovan struck a defiant note two weeks ago after a four-hour grilling before a grand jury in The Bronx in

\*In the Teapot Dome scandal of 1923, Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall and Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty were charged with crimes after leaving office. So were three Nixon Administration officials in the Watergate period: Attorney General John Mitchell, Attorney General Richard Kleindienst and Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans.

New York City. The jurors had been looking into Schiavone's subway work at the request of Bronx District Attorney Mario Merola, a four-term Democrat. Donovan claimed that the jury was doing nothing more than "a rehash" of "the baseless allegations" that Silverman had investigated. It was all "a witch hunt," he said. The Labor Secretary said he had hired independent experts to give him lie-detector tests, and "needless to say, I passed with flying colors." Declared Donovan: "I will not be indicted."

After the indictment was returned, Donovan charged that he was the victim of "a mindless inquisition," adding that he was "disgusted" by the "obviously partisan timing" so close to the November elections. He pleaded not guilty to the charges and took a leave of absence without pay from his Cabinet duties. Most labor union leaders were not sad to see Donovan step aside: in the past three years he has cut the Labor Department's work force from 22,000 to below 18,000 and its budget from \$30.1 billion to \$25.3 billion. Taking over Donovan's day-to-day duties is Under Secretary Ford B. Ford, 62, a nearly invisible bureaucrat who is expected to stay on the course set by Donovan.

The pugnacious Merola, 62, was a New York City councilman before winning election to the \$82,000-a-year D.A.'s job in 1972. He has handled a number of nationally prominent cases, including the 1978 trial of David Berkowitz for the Son of Sam killings. Merola has a reputation for speaking loosely to the press. In 1980, for example, he disclosed that a prominent surgeon was the prime suspect in an attempted murder; as it turned out, the man was never charged. More recently Merola identified an elderly woman as a suspect in a highly publicized child-abuse case only to have her cleared by a grand jury. "The



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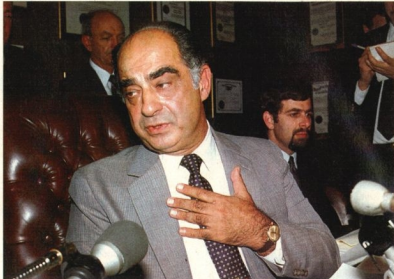
## Nation

woman did get hurt," he admitted. "We're not perfect."

But even New York Republican leaders doubted that Merola was trying to advance his own career at Donovan's expense. "I just don't see the political motivation," said New York Republican Party Chairman George Clark Jr. "There is no evidence that Merola is seeking higher office. He's the toughest D.A. in the city and a stand-up guy." Indeed, Merola argues persuasively that the indictments had to be handed up now to beat the end of a five-year statute of limitations.

**A**part from Donovan's personal predicament, the significance of his indictment may lie in a deeper question: Why did the various federal law enforcement agencies, with access to most of the same evidence that Merola acquired, fail to file charges against the Schiavone firm long ago? The agencies involved say the evidence was not strong enough to prosecute. But other Government sources claim that there was official foot dragging to avoid embarrassing people in high places, both Democrats and Republicans. Among those whose actions are open to question: the Reagan White House, the Justice Department and the FBI's Washington headquarters and New York office.

The events leading to last week's charges began in 1976 when William Masselli, a soldier in the Genovese Mafia family, seized control of a small construction firm that held subcontracts on large Schiavone projects. The firm was owned by Louis Nargi, who had made the mistake of borrowing some \$350,000 from Masselli and from one of the mobster's associates, Louis Cirillo, now in prison on a narcotics conviction. When Nargi failed



District Attorney Mario Merola explaining the grand jury indictments at a news conference

to repay the money on time, Masselli, who had no construction experience, appropriated Nargi's equipment, hired his workers and muscled the owner aside. This was protested by Salvatore ("Sally Blind") Frascone, a soldier in the rival Bonanno Mob family and an in-law of Nargi's wife.

The intra-Mafia dispute was settled in Masselli's favor in a Bonanno-Genovese "sitdown." But Frascone continued to object, and Masselli ordered him killed, according to last week's indictments. The admitted killer was Mike Orlando, a former grade school teacher who had switched to an exciting and dangerous double vocation: he was Masselli's top bodyguard and an FBI informer. Now a protected federal witness in other cases, Orlando claims he shot Frascone on Sept. 22, 1978, after the victim was fingered for him in The Bronx by Joe ("Bugs") Bugliarelli, a local bookie. The getaway car, Orlando contends, was driven by Masselli. Both Bugliarelli and Masselli were charged last week with the murder. Orlando, the state's key witness, has been granted immunity from prosecution.

According to the D.A.'s office, Masselli moved aggressively to take over the subcontracts from Nargi's old company. U.S. law requires that any contractor receiving a federal public works grant must award 10% of the business to minority-owned companies. Since some 80% of Schiavone's \$186 million contract to extend a subway under the East River was federally financed, the Schiavone company needed to find a so-called MBE (Minority Business Enterprise) to do part of the work. Thus Masselli set up the Jo-Pel Contracting and Trucking Co. and claimed that at least 51% of it was owned by Joseph Galiber, a black state senator from The Bronx. Merola's evidence shows that Galiber, while drawing a \$700 week-

ly salary as Jo-Pel's president, had no equity in the company.

The prosecution charges that Masselli and Galiber conspired with top Schiavone executives, including Donovan, to inflate the value of work that Jo-Pel claimed to be doing on the subway project. One tactic, Merola claims, was for Jo-Pel to bill Schiavone more than \$90,000 a month for "renting" tunnel-digging equipment that Donovan's company let Jo-Pel use free of charge. Schiavone officials passed these bogus rental bills along to the New York City Transit Authority, which then paid Schiavone. In all, Schiavone collected some \$12 million for work it claimed that Jo-Pel had done; in fact, according to Merola, Jo-Pel's effort was worth only some \$4 million.

**D**onovan and six top executives of Schiavone, including its chairman, Ronald Schiavone, 59, were charged with grand larceny in this scheme. Together, Donovan and Schiavone own about 90% of the company's stock. Also charged with fraud were Masselli, 57, and Galiber, 59. The alleged "theft," in Merola's view, was from the Transit Authority and the Federal Government.

The trail of evidence on the alleged scheme had begun in 1978, when the double-dealing Orlando told his FBI contacts in New York about Masselli's Mob connections and his operations. With this information, the New York agents on Jan. 4, 1979, got a court order to bug conversations and tap telephones at Masselli's meat-packing warehouse in The Bronx. Over six months this produced 892 tape recordings. The mobsters talked about Jo-Pel, the Frascone murder and Democratic officials in New York City and Albany who, they claimed, were corrupt. Donovan was mentioned in various contexts at least six times. The references to Dono-



Schiavone headquarters in New Jersey  
Accused of submitting phony vouchers.

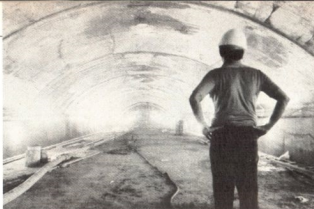
van were mostly casual or vague. At one point, Mobster Masselli claimed to "get along good" with Donovan and other Schiavone executives. This could be idle boasting, but it was the kind of lead investigators usually pursue.

Much of the wiretap information did not get beyond the FBI's New York office, where top officials showed little enthusiasm for pursuing leads on Democratic corruption at a time when a Democratic Administration held power in Washington. Lee Laster, who was in charge of the office, and Kenneth Walton, his deputy, provoked a furor among their subordinates by insisting that Orlando was too tainted to be used as an informant and, further, that Orlando should be prosecuted.

**T**he records of Jo-Pel and Schiavone were subpoenaed by the U.S. Attorney in Manhattan, Republican Robert B. Fiske Jr., with FBI cooperation, but this probe produced no legal action. Fiske's successor, Democrat John S. Martin Jr., obtained guilty pleas from Masselli and Orlando for hijacking and conspiring to manufacture synthetic cocaine. After Ronald Reagan won the 1980 election and announced in December that he wanted Donovan as his Labor Secretary, FBI officials in both New York and Washington seemed to lose interest in the Schiavone evidence.

The fact that Donovan had been cited in the Masselli wiretaps apparently did not even reach the FBI's Washington headquarters promptly. When Edwin Meese, a top Reagan transition adviser, asked FBI Director William Webster in December 1980 whether the FBI had any information linking Donovan to organized crime, Webster responded, "I know of nothing to hold up the nomination at this time." The director wrote a memo saying that the FBI's 59 field offices had run checks on Donovan with no negative findings. In fact, no such national FBI survey had been made.

Reading news accounts of Donovan's nomination, the informer Orlando became angry. He told New York FBI agents that the Schiavone company was "mobbbed up" and claimed that Donovan had been "acquainted" with mobsters on both "a business and social basis." This information was relayed to FBI headquarters on Jan. 8 and Jan. 10, 1981. So was one comment about Donovan from the Masselli wiretaps. On Jan. 11, all this was passed on to Fred Fielding, a Meese aide who is now White House counsel. But neither Meese, Fielding nor Webster told the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee about the derogatory information before Donovan's confirmation hearings began on Jan. 12. It was only after that hearing had been concluded that the FBI finally advised the Senators about allegations that Donovan had been linked with mobsters. This



A section of the New York City subway project involved in the probe

caused the committee to re-open its hearings. But the FBI still did not mention the Masselli wiretap references to Donovan, apparently to avoid embarrassing Webster, who had so recently given Donovan a clean bill. Donovan was overwhelmingly confirmed on Feb. 3.

After TIME and the Washington Post revealed the existence of the Masselli wiretaps and reported that the FBI had withheld information from the Senate committee, a flurry of investigations began. Special Prosecutor Silverman was appointed. The Senate committee probed the FBI's mishandling of the case. Meanwhile, the Schiavone company hired its own detectives to find out who was leaking information about Donovan and the company. The private detectives even secretly recorded conversations in offices of the Senate committee's staff. Company officials are also suing TIME, FORTUNE and two New Jersey newspapers for libel.

Silverman interviewed Orlando but apparently doubted his credibility. Edward McDonald, chief of a federal strike force that had been unable to gain access to the tapes, decided to turn Orlando over to Merola. By then, the Bronx D.A. had secured convictions of two gangsters in the slaying of Masselli's son Nat, who had been cooperating with Silverman. At the 1983 trial, Bronx Assistant District Attorney Martin Fisher claimed that young Masselli had been killed in order "to help and protect" the Schiavone company and Donovan.

**M**erola's assistant Stephen Bookin obtained a court order for the Masselli tapes early this year, but was stalled for months by the FBI before getting them. In the New York FBI office, Walton admitted barring his agents from talking to Merola's staff. At least one agent was disciplined for giving information to the Bronx investigators anyway. FBI headquarters last week ordered an internal investigation into the way its New York office had handled the Masselli wiretap evidence. Despite the lack of FBI assistance, Bronx Detectives Michael Geary and Lawrence Doherty finally put together the case that the feds had declined to make.

As for Donovan's personal role in any alleged crimes, Merola insisted last week, "Donovan benefited from the skulduggery. He was part of the operation. He knew about specific transactions." The Bronx D.A. will now have the difficult task of proving that to a jury.

Donovan firmly proclaimed his innocence. Declared he: "Merola may have won today's battle by the misuse of his office, but I guarantee you he will not win the war... I fully expect to resume my duties just as soon as this injustice has been dealt with." Whether justice or injustice, dealing with it is likely to take months. ■

## How to Indict

**B**old black headlines that read DONOVAN INDICTED can seem quite damning. Indeed, public officials charged by a grand jury often complain that they are convicted by the press. But in fact an indictment is merely a formal accusation; the state still has a long way to go to prove the defendant guilty.

To win an indictment, the prosecutor must convince at least a majority of a grand jury—usually no more than 23 citizens—that there is reason to believe that the accused committed specified crimes. In principle, the grand jury is supposed to serve as a check on unfounded charges and prosecutorial excesses. In practice, it is often a rubber stamp. The U.S. Constitution requires a grand jury indictment before someone can be prosecuted for a major federal offense; 24 states have a similar requirement for serious violations of their laws. At grand jury hearings, conducted in secret, the prosecutor runs the show; he has broad leeway to offer evidence, summon witnesses and make arguments. A witness or "target" can invoke his Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination, but in most states he cannot bring his lawyer in to the grand jury room. Even where he can, the lawyer is powerless to do much more than tell his client to keep quiet.

At trial, on the other hand, the accused is protected by a panoply of procedural safeguards. Strict rules, enforced by a judge, generally exclude evidence that is unreliable, prejudicial or obtained in violation of the accused's constitutional rights. Defense lawyers are free to challenge the state's case and cross-examine its witnesses, as well as introduce witnesses on the defendant's behalf. Finally, a jury must be convinced of the defendant's guilt "beyond a reasonable doubt." A unanimous vote is required for criminal convictions in federal courts and in 45 states.

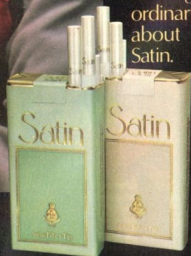


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## Session Without End, Amen

*Congress sputters toward an undistinguished adjournment*

The federal calendar set one deadline: the Government began a new fiscal year last Monday and needed fresh authority from Congress to continue spending money. The legislators had fixed a second deadline: they agreed to strive for adjournment Thursday so that they could go home and campaign full-time for re-election. Religion posed a third deadline: Congress decided not to legislate past sundown Friday, the beginning of Yom Kippur, in deference to its Jewish members.

So what did Congress do? Miss all three deadlines, naturally. On Monday, it renewed Government spending authority for three days; on Thursday, it renewed the renewal until 6 p.m. Friday. But House and Senate conferees could not agree by then on the provisions of a catch-all \$460 billion "continuing resolution" to fund the Government for a whole year. So Congress gave itself another extension until Tuesday of this week, when the legislators will have to return to deal with the measure. Barring a presidential veto, which would force still another session, the 98th Congress will then pass into history, leaving a two-year record that might charitably be called undistinguished.

That would be far too mild an adjective to describe the near anarchy last week. Important legislation, notably on immigration and civil rights, appeared doomed. Other significant bills whistled through with minimal consideration; the House passed



The sun set, and rose again, with no agreement inside

a far-reaching package of anticrime measures after ten minutes of debate.

Long hours (all night in the Senate Wednesday), obstructionist tactics and partisan maneuvering caused many tempers to snap. "Shame on the Senate! Shame on the Senate!" cried Massachusetts Democrat Ted Kennedy after the upper chamber dropped the civil rights bill. Barry Goldwater stormed that because of haggling over the catch-all spending bill, Senators collectively were "beginning to look like jackasses"; his Republican colleague, Wyoming's Malcolm Wallop, wondered why the Arizonan had only said "beginning." In the House, Democrat James Jones embarrassed the G.O.P. by introducing a plan requiring Presidents to submit each year a budget proposal that is in balance, along with whatever unbalanced proposal that they might consider more realistic. "Phony!"

shouted Robert Walker of Pennsylvania. "A sham," said Tom Loeffler of Texas. Then both Republicans voted for the measure, and it passed. The Senate ignored it.

When all the shouting was over, Congress would wind up doing little more than it absolutely could not avoid. In an era when monster deficits and the politically unpopular steps that might reduce them seem about equally intolerable to many legislators, Congress's budget-making process has broken down completely. As has become its deplorable habit, the legislature came to the end of a fiscal year with the great majority of appropriations bills—nine of 13 in this case—unpassed. Once again, Congress had to bundle money for defense expenditures, most social spending and even some routine housekeeping chores into a gargantuan continuing resolution.

In the meantime, Congress passed stopgap measures to keep the Government running for a few days or hours. When the first of these expired on Thursday, the Reagan Administration sent some 400,000 "nonessential" federal workers around the country home at noon, supposedly shutting down the Government. Democrats in Congress accused the President of staging an unnecessary "Hollywood extravaganza" to put pressure on them. Reagan retorted that the blame lay with "the majority party in the House." Actually, it had been the Republican-controlled Senate rather than the Democratic-controlled House that had held up most appropriations bills.

The continuing resolution inevitably came weighted down with irrelevant riders and enmeshed in heated controversy. Among the big stumbling blocks this year was the House vote to cut off U.S. aid to the *contra* guerrillas battling the Sandinista government of Nicaragua, while the Senate insisted on continuing to fund the *contras*. Also the House voted to authorize pork-barrel water projects that eventually might cost \$18 billion; the Senate, sensitive to a threat of presidential veto, refused.

In the adjournment rush, important legislation always gets trampled; this year's examples were more consequential than usual:

**Immigration.** The Simpson-Mazzoli bill combined amnesty for many aliens already in the U.S. with criminal penalties against employers who knowingly hire illegal immigrants in the future. Differing versions passed both Senate and House earlier this year. At week's end a conference committee was still struggling to find a way to placate Hispanics who feared the bill would encourage discrimination against them. Salvaging the bill would take a "miracle," said a House aide.



Weary and tense, House members of conference committee debate spending once more

**Civil Rights.** Heavy majorities of both houses favored a bill, attached as a rider to the continuing resolution, that would have overturned a Supreme Court decision and ordered the Government to stop all financial aid to any institution that discriminates in any manner. The Senate voted 92 to 4 to break a filibuster by Republican Orrin Hatch of Utah against the bill. Hatch then threatened to offer 1,000-odd amendments and demand a vote on each. Oregon Republican Bob Packwood, a prime shaper of the civil rights bill, reluctantly moved to kill his own legislation and clear the decks for the continuing resolution. The Senate agreed.

The anticrime package, by contrast, benefited from time pressure and partisan bickering. Some major provisions would end parole for federal prisoners, provide guidelines for judges to set fixed-length sentences for those convicted of federal crimes, and authorize imprisonment for defendants awaiting trial whom a judge considers too dangerous to release on bail. Democrats controlling the House had tried to break up the legislation into a number of separate bills, rather than passing intact a package that bore a Reagan Administration label. But House Republicans brought up the whole package as a rider to the continuing resolution, even though no committee hearings had ever been held on some of the provisions. Their motive was primarily to embarrass the Democrats. The ploy worked: the package sailed easily through both House and Senate.

The closing chaos was a fitting fade-out for the 98th Congress. Its finest hour was its first; almost as soon as it convened in early 1983, it passed a bipartisan package of tax and benefit changes urgently needed to save the Social Security system from bankruptcy. But from there on, bickering between the Republican White House and Senate and the Democratic

House blocked most positive accomplishments, an unhappy augury of what might be expected in the next two years if voters maintain that same power alignment. In this year's session Congress did pass some significant tax increases, but otherwise its accomplishments were limited to such matters as requiring stronger warning labels on cigarette packs and prodding states to set a minimum drinking age of 21. But amid all the frenzy of the adjournment rush, the legislators found time to designate the usual assortment of special months and weeks. National Medical Transcriptionist Week, for example, will start May 21, and Smokey Bear Week will kick off Aug. 5. All that is left now is for this week to become Congress Finally Whimper to a Close Week. —By George J. Church.

Reported by Neil MacNeil/Washington



Navy Secretary John Lehman: good-faith efforts to tackle procurement problems

## Trying to Shoot Straight

*The Pentagon works to burnish its election-year image*

As the defense budget has grown, so has the flurry of press reports critical of military procurement policies. New horror stories of \$180 flashlights and \$7,600 coffeemakers appear almost daily. Partly in self-defense, the Pentagon has launched an election-season blitz to publicize its efforts to keep costs under control.

The media campaign surfaced last week when the citizens' lobby Common Cause released a memo it had obtained, written by a Pentagon public relations officer, Kathleen Troia. The memo calls for high-profile speeches by Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, a vigorous "letter-to-the-editor" campaign, and the enlistment of local base commanders around

the country to win "public understanding and support" for the Administration's management of military programs. The media barrage, which was approved by Weinberger, spans a period beginning two days after Labor Day and ending Nov. 3, three days before the election. Common Cause President Fred Wertheimer asked Congress to investigate whether the Pentagon was improperly using public funds for partisan purposes. Countered Michael Burch, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs: "I don't think it is political at all. What we're doing is responding to our critics, be they Republican or Democrat."

In fact, there is evidence that the military has made some good-faith efforts to solve the procurement problem. Navy Secretary John Lehman announced last week that he was seeking a second supplier for the superthrust F-404 engine, which powers the F-18 fighter-bomber. Weinberger also showed a willingness to crack down. He told Congress that he would not ask for more money in fiscal 1985 to buy the Army's problem-plagued Sergeant York antiaircraft gun pending further tests, and indicated that the weapon might be terminated altogether. The Army had planned to buy 618 of the guns by 1987 (estimated cost: \$4.5 billion). Before a Senate subcommittee, Lieut. General Louis Wagner Jr. admitted that the gun's guidance system worked so poorly in tests that it could not get a bead on a whirring helicopter even when the chopper was standing still.

The Army is also being challenged about the survivability of its Bradley Infantry Fighting Vehicle,

a cannon-equipped personnel carrier. A Pentagon memo made public last week, written by a colonel well acquainted with the vehicle, criticized the Army's failure to submit the Bradley to realistic tests. The \$1.5 million vehicle is clad with aluminum armor that some critics claim

would vaporize when hit by high-explosive antitank projectiles, creating a deadly fireball inside the fuel- and ammunition-laden tank. The manufacturer claims the tank's armor "does not burn when hit." So far, the Army has refused to load a Bradley with fuel and ammunition and fire a real rocket at it. According to an Aug. 24 memo written by James Wade Jr., a Deputy Under Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, virtually no U.S. equipment is tested under live firing conditions because the costs would be too high. —By Susan Tiftt. Reported by Bruce van Voorst/Washington



Bradley Infantry Fighting Vehicle



Packwood



Richard Miller and Son Zane, 2, on an outing before father's arrest



Nikolai Ogorodnikov and Wife Svetlana in a friend's snapshot

## Spy vs. Spy Saga

*For love and money, an FBI misfit becomes a double agent*

He was middle-aged, married and misunderstood. She was understanding. They managed furtive meetings, sometimes in her apartment, occasionally at a fast-food café or ill-lit parking lot and, once, during a reckless, heady weekend in San Francisco. Yet theirs was no ordinary tale of frustrated needs and petty betrayals.

Richard Miller, 47, was a 20-year veteran of the FBI whose counterintelligence work gave him easy access to secret documents dealing with the activities of Soviet aliens. Apparently for love and money, he passed a broad sampling to Svetlana Ogorodnikova, 34, a Russian émigré and suspected spy for the Soviet KGB. Last week Miller, Ogorodnikova and her husband Nikolai, 51, were arrested. Miller was the first FBI agent ever charged with espionage, and his case shocked an agency that had prided itself on its professionalism. FBI Director William Webster called it "an aberration on the proud record of patriotic and dedicated service of thousands of agents throughout our history."

Miller was hardly the model government agent. Grossly overweight (close to 250 lbs.), slovenly and inefficient, he was transferred three years ago from a local office in Riverside, Calif., to the FBI's counterintelligence division in Los Angeles, where he could be kept under closer supervision. His glaring personal problems should have alerted his superiors: on a \$50,000 salary, he supported a wife and eight children, including a deaf son, and maintained a Los Angeles bungalow and an eleven-acre farm in San Diego County. Once suspended for selling Amway household goods out of the trunk of a Government car, Miller was regarded by colleagues as a harmless, pathetic buffoon.

Ogorodnikova was almost as familiar

to the FBI as Miller. She had arrived in the U.S. with her husband in 1973, and the couple clashed conspicuously with their fellow expatriates. "We laughed at them," says Alexander Polovets, publisher of a Russian-language newspaper. Ogorodnikova collected welfare, rented Russian-made films to show in neighborhood theaters, and bragged openly of her high-level Soviet contacts. FBI agents, who interviewed Svetlana often after 1980, welcomed the tidbits she freely offered about her frequent visits to the Soviet consulate in San Francisco, but never considered that the shrill, boastful housewife could actually be a dangerous spy.

Last May, Miller began meeting with Svetlana after work. As their relationship blossomed, he poured out his financial and personal woes. On Aug. 12, Ogorodnikova told Miller that she was a KGB major and asked him to sell her information. Less than a week later, in a Malibu restaurant, he agreed but demanded to

meet the paymaster first. Ogorodnikova led Miller to her apartment and husband, whom she introduced as Nikolai Wolfson, a KGB operative well versed in transactions "on this level." Miller demanded \$50,000 in gold; Wolfson agreed.

A week later, Svetlana and Miller drove her Mercury to San Francisco in order to hand over her reports and messages to the Soviet consulate. Among the items: a 1983 FBI handbook titled *Reporting Guidance: Foreign Intelligence Information*, which contains a detailed picture

of U.S. counterintelligence activities and techniques. Miller had photocopied it in his office. As she dropped Miller off at a restaurant three blocks from the consulate, the Soviet spy asked him for his black leather FBI credential case containing his ID and badge to prove his authenticity to her Soviet contacts. He handed them over and waited patiently at the table for her return.

The FBI belatedly became aware of their liaison a week afterward, put them under full surveillance and bugged her phone. Agents spotted Miller handing his companion a legal-size envelope in a parked car in a darkened lot. Days later they observed him transferring a briefcase from the trunk of her car to his. Wiretaps revealed that Miller had agreed to fly to Vienna with Svetlana on Oct. 9 to meet with a high-level KGB official and that he had already secured his passport, she their tickets. On Sept. 28, Miller was called into the Los Angeles field office, then given lie-detector tests, fired and arrested. A search of his bungalow uncovered an embarrassing array of classified documents, including the original file on Svetlana Ogorodnikova. In her rundown

Hollywood apartment, investigators found a spy kit, complete with microdots and cipher pads.

As the FBI tried to determine the full extent of the security breach, critics inside the agency and out questioned how so unreliable a man could have been assigned to sensitive security work. Says a retired agent on the West Coast: "Why was he on that job, of all jobs? You should bury him working draft dodgers or stolen cars." One theory, which has been raised by many agents but with little substantiation, is that Miller,



Miller's wife Paula and son Paul

## Taking Gromyko's Measure

who was a Mormon, had been given some protection by fellow Mormons within the bureau. He had been transferred to intelligence after the Los Angeles division director, Richard Bretzing, also a Mormon, was appointed. One FBI co-worker charged that Bretzing and Bryce Christensen, another Mormon who is Miller's supervisor, might have taken Miller in to protect him from getting fired. Both men vehemently denied any favoritism. Miller, in fact, had been excommunicated from the Mormon Church three months before.

■ ■ ■

Just one day before Miller was arrested, federal authorities nabbed two other suspects in unrelated, but equally intriguing, cloak-and-dagger cases:

► In 1981 a U.S. Army sergeant stationed in West Germany was approached by a Soviet agent code-named Misha. He reported the contact and was instructed to play along. Reassigned to the Army Intelligence Agency at Fort Meade, Md., the sergeant was twice sent by the Soviets to their Mexico City embassy. Along with \$6,500 and a promise of a monthly \$500 retainer, he was given a miniature tape recorder, secret writing paper and a deciphering code for microdot messages.

He was then ordered to read from classified documents into the tape recorder, remove the tape, hide it in a cigarette pack and hand it to a 67-year-old female courier. He was assured that the FBI "would never suspect an older woman." Agents seized the courier as she was preparing to board a plane for Czechoslovakia. Her real name turned out to be Alice Michelson, an East German citizen who taught Marxist studies at an East Berlin institute.

► Samuel Loring Morison, too, hardly seemed an obvious suspect. A quiet and scholarly analyst at the Naval Intelligence Support Center in Suitland, Md., he is the grandson of the Pulitzer-prize-winning naval historian Samuel Eliot Morison. He was arrested last week after his fingerprints were found on the originals of three classified satellite pictures of a new Soviet aircraft carrier that appeared in the Aug. 11 issue of a British defense magazine.

Morison earned \$5,000 a year as a part-time U.S. editor of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, one of a series of authoritative defense reference books. He gave the photographs to the company's new magazine, *Jane's Defence Weekly*. British intelligence sources claim that Morison leaked the pictures out of "patriotism." Morison, they suggested, wanted to publicize Soviet shipbuilding to help the Navy lobby in Washington. Morison's office typewriter ribbon, examined by FBI agents, told a different story. In a letter to Editor Derek Wood, Morison complained that the naval office job was a "pit." Wrote Morison: "My loyalty to Jane's is above question." —By Alessandra Stanley. Reported by Anne Constable/Washington and Joseph J. Kane/Los Angeles

Ronald Reagan studied the man in front of him and decided Andrei Gromyko was old, far older in some ways than he looked, older than his 75 years. And more important, Gromyko was talking for a group back in the Kremlin that was even more ancient, and perhaps frozen, in their distrust and loathing of the U.S.

The aging men of the Politburo may have seen Reagan, robust both physically and politically right now, as some kind of threat. Reagan listened and watched Gromyko as he had rarely scrutinized a man before; looking for clues from words, from eyes, from a touch or handclasp.

Almost from the start of their talk, one signal came through to Reagan loud and clear. It was that Gromyko had no signal to send at all. No message in his eyes. No meaning in his grip. No words that held promise for any kind of agreement. Gromyko's presence in the White House was the only hint that Soviet-U.S. relations might be changing.

Gromyko was like a seismograph inserted into the very heart of America's Government, absorbing all the tremors but sending absolutely nothing back. Gromyko talked, but what Reagan heard was right out of the briefing book, a



Meeting in the Oval Office two weeks ago

when Bernard Baruch proposed an international tribunal to govern nuclear weapons, it was the Soviets who balked.

Reagan concluded that Gromyko could not talk or act on his own in any way. He had to go back to the Kremlin for orders. And what is the view back there? Reagan was as baffled as ever. There is no "there" there. No clue about power cliques, or rising personalities, or how authority is exercised. Reagan's frustration increased a bit. He wondered fleetingly if the Kremlin was like an old-age home.

But maybe, Reagan thought, they do have problems that nobody here can imagine. Maybe, Reagan told Gromyko, there were reasons for the Soviets to distrust and fear the U.S., though this country had never proclaimed its desire to export its system around the globe. The fact was, said Reagan, the superpowers now just had to set aside all their accumulated suspicions and prevent nuclear war.

Still nothing from Gromyko. No thaw. No acknowledgment of shared humanity. Gromyko plainly could say nothing, and he did it very well.

Reagan had been initiated into the club. In 1961 John Kennedy endured the same cold void when he talked to Nikita Khrushchev in Vienna. "I never met a man like that before," marveled Kennedy when he got back home.

Lyndon Johnson used his eyeball-to-eyeball technique on Alexei Kosygin at Glassboro in 1967. He locked eyes with Kosygin and vowed he would not look away. Minutes passed with neither man blinking. Johnson got a terrible urge for coffee. He walked his fingers across the table until they collided with his cup. He picked it up. Eyes locked. He drank. Eyes locked. He put the cup down. Kosygin looked away. Aha, thought Johnson. He had won. But later that night he confessed to friends, "I don't understand it. I could make any decision I wanted, but he had to call Moscow every time he wanted to go to the men's room."

Things were different when Richard Nixon met with Leonid Brezhnev. Those two tough fellows got together in a dacha outside Moscow in 1972. Brezhnev talked about his boyhood, his father and peace. Brezhnev had mastered Kremlin politics as Nixon had mastered U.S. politics. Secure in their power, they could go beyond the set agenda. After taking on a little vodka, they made a deal: SALT I. For Gromyko and Reagan, there may not have been enough vodka, because there was no deal.

## The House: Pouring In the Money

### CAMPAIGN



If money is the mother's milk of politics, two well-suckled races are under way in Oklahoma and New York. Tulsa Democrat James Jones, chairman of the House Budget Committee, is being targeted by a heavily financed Republican effort. Manhattan's Bill Green has met a match as rich as he: Andrew Stein.

### Down-Home Brawl

Oklahoma Democrat James Jones commands a lot of respect in Congress. He is patient and intelligent, moderate and courageous. Yet the Republicans very badly want to defeat him, indeed to skin him, and not just because he comes from a conservative, Republican district. As chairman of the Budget Committee, Jones has led the floor fight against the President's proposed budgets, all of which projected deficits so large that no Republican dared sponsor them. He has also committed the even greater sin of offering budget plans of his own with lower deficits. To cap it off, Jones has countered Reagan's call for a balanced-budget amendment with a bill that would require the President to begin the process by submitting a balanced budget in the first place, which no President has done since Richard Nixon in 1970.

Consequently, the National Republican Party and a variety of conservative political action committees (PACs) are expected to contribute heavily to the campaign of Jones' articulate and combative opponent, Frank Keating. Jones, who by virtue of his position can command a

wealth of PAC contributions (from January to June, he received \$216,599), plans to spend \$1 million defending his seat. Keating calls Jones "a Tip O'Neill liberal, a Walter Mondale liberal." Jones, who has often bucked House Speaker O'Neill by supporting budget cuts and has carefully distanced himself from Mondale, counters, "I am an independent voice for Oklahoma."

Keating, 40, a former FBI agent and U.S. Attorney, expresses sweeping support of Reaganomics and maintains that his opponent is out of touch with the voters. Says Keating: "Jones has been a leader in the liberal Democratic House representing a conservative area. He has walked a tightrope too long."

Keating's aggressiveness has brought out a heretofore hidden feistiness in his opponent. Jones, 45, was particularly infuriated by an incorrect Keating charge that Jones had failed to report properly some of his wife's earnings on disclosure forms. Says his campaign manager Cole Finegan: "I've never seen Jim Jones this intense and enthusiastic." Jones' ads refute a Keating claim that Keating never lost a case as a prosecutor and end with the kicker, "In Oklahoma, we believe a man is only as good as his word."

Keating's best hope is to ride the coattails of the immensely popular President, who is expected to carry the district by an overwhelming margin. Yet ever since Jones was elected in 1972, a year that Richard Nixon carried the district over George McGovern with 79% of the vote, Jones has been able to persuade his constituents to split their tickets. In 1976 Gerald Ford carried the district with 62%, and in 1980 Reagan beat Jimmy Carter 2 to 1. "The nice thing about my district," Jones says, "is that it has always been fiercely independent." ■

### Battle of the Bucks

It is the quintessential silk-stocking district, encompassing Bloomingdale's and Tiffany, Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue. Some would even say that the congressional seat on the East Side of Manhattan is the best that money can buy. It is fitting, then, that the Republican incumbent, Bill Green, and his Democratic challenger, Andrew Stein, can both dip into vast family fortunes as they wage what will be one of the most expensive House races in American history (projected expenditures: as much as \$2 million).

Green, 54, a graduate of Harvard College and Law School, is a quiet, slightly ruffled intellectual about as exciting as a bagel without cream cheese. His quiet labors on the powerful Appropriations Committee have funneled pork-barrel benefits into his city, including money for mass transit and public housing. "He is



Stein: flamboyance and uninhibited ambition

the only Congressman I know who reads the *Federal Register* cover to cover," says longtime Aide Jeffrey Busch. The district's voters, 62% of them Democrats, tend to be liberals, either of the limousine or Volvo or ethnic variety, and Republican Green appeals to them with unabashedly liberal stands on such issues as abortion and ERA, while still taking a generally conservative posture on fiscal matters.

Except for a stint as water boy for the Baltimore Colts, politics is just about the only job that Stein, 39, has ever had. Jerry Finkelstein, an oil-industry magnate and publisher of the *New York Law Journal*, bankrolled his son's successful bid for a state assembly seat when Stein was only 23. Another large infusion of family cash helped Stein win the job of Manhattan borough president in 1977. Stein has incurred the wrath of most New York politicians because of his greenback approach to public office, his flamboyant personality and his uninhibited ambition. However, he has managed to win grudging respect for his efforts to crack down on drug dealers on the Lower East Side, for investigating nursing-home fraud and for attracting federal funds to the city.

The checkbook battle is now being fought on the air waves. Stein's commercials, prepared by Media Wizard David Garth, lambaste his opponent for supporting production of the neutron bomb and voting to cut funds for a variety of social programs. Last week Green dropped a TV commercial that cruelly caricatured Stein, deciding to concentrate on an intensive door-to-door campaign. His slogan: "More than talk, Green delivers." Says Stein: "It will be hand-to-hand combat in every neighborhood." ■



Jones: "intense and enthusiastic" this year

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The National Cancer Institute reports some very good health news.

There is growing evidence that may link a high fiber, low fat diet to lower incidence of some kinds of cancer.

That's why one of their strongest recommendations is to eat high fiber foods. If you compare, you'll find

GOOD SOURCES OF FIBER	
1 oz. Kellogg's All-Bran	9
1 medium apple	4
1/3 cup baked beans	3
1 slice whole wheat toast	2
1/3 cup cooked spinach	1
Dietary fiber in grams —	0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Kellogg's® All-Bran® has nine grams of fiber per serving. No cereal has more. In fact, ounce for ounce, no food has more.

So start your day with a bowl of Kellogg's All-Bran, or mix it with your regular cereal.

And for a free booklet with more preventative tips, write Box K, National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, MD 20814.

**No food has more fiber than  
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## American Notes

### INVESTIGATIONS

## Fatal Failure to Check the Gas

The B-1A bomber had already started to dive toward the Mojave Desert when a chase plane radioed to Co-Pilot Doug Benefield. "How are you doing, Doug?" Replied Benefield: "We may have to punch it. We have to punch." Those were his last known words. Command Pilot Richard Reynolds pulled the eject handle, flinging the cockpit and its three-man crew free of the plane just 9 sec. before it slammed into the ground. Two of the men escaped with injuries. But Benefield, 55, chief test pilot for Rockwell International Corp., which builds the bomber, died of severe head wounds.

The Air Force has announced the cause of the Aug. 29 crash: human error. As the plane's movable wings were swung forward for a low-altitude test, Benefield apparently forgot to switch on a mechanism that shifts fuel among various tanks. The B-1A's center of gravity thus stayed toward the tail, causing the bomber to rear up at a 70° angle, stall and tumble earthward.

Benefield's death, however, was the result of faulty equipment. One of three explosive bolts designed to reposition the escape capsule for a bottom-first landing on airbags failed to fire, causing the cockpit to hit the ground nose first.



Charred wreckage of the B-1A

### POLITICS

## Coming a Long Way

"Why can't a woman be more like a man?" lamented Professor Henry Higgins in the 1956 musical *My Fair Lady*. Now it seems the average female congressional candidate is—at least when it comes to political fund raising. According to a study released last week by the Washington-based Women's Campaign Research Fund, female House candidates in 1982 raised virtually as much as male candidates, an average of \$218,745, vs. \$234,463, or 93%. By comparison, women raised 86% as much as men in 1980, 77% as much in 1978, and only 67% as much in 1976.

The study, which surveyed all 3,271 major-party House candidates from 1976 to 1982, found that men and women obtained their campaign funds from the same sources. For 1982, both groups received nearly 50% from small donors (ones who gave less than \$500), 30% from political-action committees, 16% from big donors and 6% to 8% from political parties.

Contrary to popular belief, said the study, the main hurdle for women in political fund raising is not their gender but the fact that they are outnumbered by men in the House 22 to 413. Thus they rarely enjoy the advantages of incumbency. Says Jody Newman, director of the study: "What we need to do is to get more women running in the most winnable races."

### HOMELESS

## Helter-Skelter Shelter

It was the Pentagon's own idea: empty military buildings could be transformed into shelters for the homeless. Congress happily budgeted \$8 million. But even the best-laid plans can get caught in red tape. At a House hearing on the homeless last week, Paul Wright of the General Accounting Office, Congress's audit agency, said most of the money had been spent on routine base maintenance. "What the Defense Department did was to rob the poor box," said Democratic Congressman Ted Weiss of New York.

The Army, Air Force and Coast Guard had offered the use of

vacant defense facilities to more than 600 communities. But many military bases were too remote for the inner-city homeless. One base commander would not permit food at a shelter; others would not let the poor walk beyond the buildings' grounds. As a result, there were only two takers for the funds, Philadelphia and California's Alameda County. Total amount: \$900,000. In August, Defense Department officials realized that the remaining \$7.1 million would be lost if it was not spent soon. A House committee went along with their plan to use the money for maintenance. Said Weiss: "We have a more efficient system in the U.S. to deal with stray pets than we have for homeless human beings."

### WASHINGTON

## Money-Saving Phone Calls

Who you gonna call when someone's ripping off the Government? Fraud Busters! The 24-hour, toll-free line sponsored by the General Accounting Office (GAO) is designed to encourage tipsters to turn in workers, contractors and benefit recipients suspected of bilking the Federal Government. Since it opened in 1979, says a new GAO report, the hot line has handled 53,000 calls; 1,110 complaints have been substantiated, resulting in jail sentences, fines, reprimands and loss of Government contracts. Says Gary Carbone, director of the hot line: "The phones have been ringing off the hook."

One caller alerted officials to a Social Security field supervisor who not only attended college on Government time but punished subordinates who refused to type his term papers during working hours. Another informed on the Defense Department, which was spending \$1,245 on a rotating counter that cost only \$124.50 commercially. The GAO has spent \$3.4 million to operate the hot line over the past five years, and has identified about \$20 million in misspent funds and projected savings of an additional \$24 million. The Government offers no rewards. Says Carbone: "People just don't like to see their tax dollars abused." The number to call: 800-424-5454.

(800) 424-5454

GAO Fraud Hotline

### NEW YORK

## A Stranger in the Night

New York Governor Mario Cuomo, his wife Matilda, two of their children and the family dog were upstairs in the executive mansion in Albany last week when a neighbor, Julian Quarles, 25, paid them an unexpected visit. Sometime between midnight and 7 a.m., Quarles climbed a 7-ft.-high fence outside the house, broke a window to unlock the front door, and walked in, unnoticed by the two guards stationed outside. He took a video recorder, a silver punch bowl, two candlesticks, a tray, a coffee urn and two platters: \$5,000 worth of booty.

That evening Quarles, who lives in a dilapidated apartment building one block from the Governor, went back to the mansion and surrendered. He told police that he had originally intended to break into the house, awaken Cuomo and ask to be reinstated in his \$7,500-a-year state job as a janitor, which he had lost in 1981 because of absenteeism. Once inside, Quarles became frightened and decided instead to take the loot. He said he planned to return the items a few days later in the hope that the grateful Governor would reward him with a job. Cuomo, who rejected increased security as too expensive when he took office in 1983, has ordered new safety precautions for the 40-room mansion.



Cat Man Quarles

COVER STORY

# The Sicilian Connection

*A mobster's "song" brings a wave of arrests and new details of the drug trade*

It was a moonless night in the Sicilian city of Palermo, a night filled with the sirocco, a torrid, noisy wind that blows in across the Mediterranean from the Sahara, moaning through the city's narrow streets and driving its inhabitants indoors. Few if any residents noticed as squads of armored cars raced through the streets and gun-toting officers cordoned off the city into three sections. Nor, except for the street cleaners, who were just beginning their rounds, did anyone see the lawmen begin rousing out of their beds and hustling off to jail the men whose names appeared on a single, shocking long arrest warrant.

It was not until late morning that anyone except those actually involved in the operation began to realize the import of what had happened. Before dawn on Sept. 29, the day of the feast of St. Michael, patron of the police, Italian authorities had conducted one of the biggest crack-downs on the Mafia since Dictator Benito Mussolini's relentless suppression of that fabled criminal organization in the 1920s. Armed with copies of the warrant for the arrest of 366 Mafia members, 140 of whom were already in jail, police rounded up 53. By the time the sun rose, the jails that had been set aside for the operation were overflowing. Before the morning was well advanced, a chartered Alitalia DC-9 had left Palermo, carrying the stunned Mafiosi to prisons in northern Italy, not to protect them but to keep them from warning their confederates that Italy had finally declared full-scale war on the "honored association."

The impact of the raid was enormous, sending a chill of apprehension through the ranks of the Mafiosi whose names have yet to appear on warrants and placing politicians who have long winked at the Mafia on notice that they too might be called to account.

The raid, directed by Palermo Investigating Magistrate Giovanni Falcone, had repercussions in the U.S. as well. Two days after the Palermo crackdown, U.S. authorities ordered the arrests of 28 Americans and Italians in New York, Illinois, New Jersey, Michigan and Wisconsin and began the procedure necessary to extradite them to Italy.

The reason for the roundup was unique. Low-level "soldiers" have occa-

sionally broken with the Mafia and decided to work with the authorities. But for the first time in years, a high-level Mafioso had decided to cooperate. Tommaso Buscetta, 56, known as "the boss of two worlds" for his extensive operations in Italy and Brazil, has spent the past two

years with the Mafiosi in the generation of his father's father (see box). Officials on both sides of the Atlantic consider Buscetta's break with the Mob a significant gain for law enforcement, which has thus far had only limited success in getting those who really know about Mafia operations to talk about them.

According to Judge Giusto Schiaccitano, one of the Italian state prosecutors involved, Buscetta's revelations "opened doors that before had always remained closed." U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, whose territory covers the southern district of New York, said that as a result of Buscetta's disclosures, "we have a whole new area of intelligence that wasn't available to us before." U.S. and Italian authorities hope to use that information to round up even more Mafiosi and crack the Sicilian connection that has smuggled billions of dollars' worth of heroin into the U.S. in the past few years.

Many Mafia leaders are clearly worried. Late last week Leonardo Rimi, a mid-level Sicilian mobster and ally of Buscetta's, was gunned down as he hid in a farmhouse 30 miles from Palermo. Some Italian law enforcement officials interpreted the murder as a warning to Buscetta and to anyone else who might be tempted to talk. There was anxious speculation that the upheaval caused by Buscetta's revelations could produce a new round of all-out bloodletting.

Only hours earlier, Pope John Paul II had issued one of his strongest condemnations ever of organized crime. Visiting the southern Italian village of Paola, he called upon listeners to break "the tragic chain of vendettas" and abandon the Mafia's code of silence, "which binds so many people in a type of squalid complicity dictated by fear."

The probe that culminated in last week's roundup originated nearly a decade ago when the Federal Bureau of Investigation began looking into the activities of the New York Mafia "family" of Joseph Bonanno. The inquiry shed light on a faction headed by Salvatore Catalano, a Queens, N.Y., baker and entrepreneur who seemed to be doing more than selling pizza at his Al Dente pizza parlor. It gathered momentum when investigators obtained evidence that couriers for Catalano's group were transferring enormous



Informant Buscetta arriving in Rome last July

months singing to Italian and U.S. authorities. His song, like a good ballad, had told quite a tale. Buscetta, who is being kept under close guard in a secluded villa on the outskirts of Rome, had not only reportedly fingered the gunmen responsible for more than 100 murders, including that of Italy's leading Mafia fighter, but documented the existence of a "Sicilian connection" that operated outside established American Mafia organizations to supply much of the heroin that entered the U.S.

In the process, Buscetta painted a picture of a 1980s-style Mafia that differs considerably from the all-in-the-family clichés of Mario Puzo's *The Godfather*. Today's mobster, in both Italy and the U.S., is greedier, meaner and less likely to respect the Mafia's internal code of honor

mous amounts of cash through investment houses and banks in New York, Italy and Switzerland.

Court-approved wiretaps turned up other names, including that of Pietro Alfano, the Sicilian-born owner of an Oregon, Ill., pizzeria whose uncle, Gaetano Badalamenti, was suspected of smuggling heroin into the U.S. from Brazil.

The case broke in April, when Spanish authorities, who had been tipped off by the Americans, arrested Alfano, Badalamenti and his son in Madrid. A day later, federal authorities in New York released an indictment charging the three and 28 others with conspiracy to violate drug laws. Within a month, the number under U.S. indictment had grown to 38. According to federal officials, the members of what was quickly dubbed the "pizza connection" had smuggled some 1,650 lbs. of heroin, with an estimated street value of \$1.65 billion, into the U.S. during the past five years. The arrests, particularly those in the Midwest, shocked neighbors. Mary Moss, who owns the grain elevator across the street from Giuseppe Vitale's pizzeria in Paris, Ill., spoke well of his product. "He makes a marvelous pizza," she said. "He uses real bacon, not bacon bits."

**E**ven before the discovery of the pizza connection, Italian authorities had been seeking Buscetta, a native of Palermo and an ally of the Badalamenti organization, who had fled Italy in 1970 and gone to New York, where he acquired a second wife, a new daughter and new pizzerias. He also owned property in Brazil, where he was arrested in 1972 when police found 60 kilos (132 lbs.) of heroin on his farm. Extradited to Italy, Buscetta spent eight years in various jails, living well and even giving away his daughter in a marriage held within the prison's walls. He did not, however, serve out his sentence. Transferred to Turin in 1976, Buscetta behaved so well that an apparently sympathetic judge allowed him to go out by day to work at his old family trade of cutting glass. One night in 1980 he failed to return from his glass-cutting activities. Instead, he went back to Brazil and to a wife, his third, who was so beautiful, according to one Italian judge, that he underwent plastic surgery so that he would remain attractive to her.

In 1982, say Italian authorities, Buscetta slipped back into Palermo with a false passport. The reason for his return: to help his gang and its allies regain the control that had been wrested from it by Luciano Liggio, a tough crime boss from Corleone, one of the traditional Mafia strongholds in western Sicily.

Not even Buscetta's family was immune from the bloodletting. One day, gunmen burst into Buscetta's Palermo pizzeria and shot and killed his son-in-law. A day later, armed men cut down three of his lieutenants. Before long, Buscetta's brother and nephew were dead and Buscetta's two sons had disappeared. They are presumed dead.



Early-morning blitz in Palermo: Mafia suspects under arrest

## World



TODD WILLIAMS/REUTERS

Illinois: Pizzamaker Vitale, left, last week

Understandably shaken, Buscetta fled back to Brazil, though not to the obscurity he sought. In October 1983, Brazilian authorities picked him up on an Italian warrant and made plans to extradite him to Italy. Fearing what awaited him, the hunted boss of two worlds unsuccessfully attempted to commit suicide by taking strychnine. Facing a probable prison sentence and Mafia vengeance, he decided to talk.

Italian officials were delighted by Buscetta's offer. But they were also skeptical, knowing that no high-level Mafioso was likely to violate *omertà*, the code of silence, and disclose secrets about the criminal organization. Palermo Deputy District Attorney Vincenzo Geraci was understandably surprised when he met Buscetta in Brazil last June and found him willing to tell what he knew. In their initial interview, Geraci recalled, Buscetta told the prosecutor, "I am not your

ting scores," says a former New York detective who has spent most of his life studying the Mafia. "He's trying to get even with the people who killed his family."

Whatever his purpose, Buscetta has apparently been forthcoming. In a series of conversations lasting through the summer and covering 3,000 pages, he offered a history of the Sicilian Mafia's operations going back, in some cases, to 1950. He volunteered details that authorities had long suspected but never been able to prove. Not since Joseph Valachi, a soldier in New York's Lucky Luciano family, spilled what he knew to a U.S. Senate committee in 1963 has anyone provided such a comprehensive picture of the Mafia and its operations. Said Judge Schiachitano: "Buscetta has offered confirmation for many, many things that we had learned elsewhere but could not prove conclusively."



REUTERS/REUTERS

New York: Salvatore Lamberti, left, leaves a Brooklyn court after his release on bail



LARRY MARSH

Michigan: Sam Evola, right, after hearing

adversary." A month later, after Buscetta had been extradited to Italy and assured that his family would be protected, he began to talk, said Geraci, "with composure, clarity, self-control and great seriousness." But not, Geraci observed, without sadness. Buscetta had several reasons for opening up to the authorities. One was a sense of disillusionment over what had happened to the Mafia in recent years. "Buscetta is a Mafioso of the old school, a man without scruples but a man of honor," said Geraci. "The Mafia has changed and is no longer an honored society but a band of assassins. His ideology has been crushed."

Some U.S. Mafiosi believe that Buscetta may also be trying to get back at those who kept him out of the Mob's higher councils because he had abandoned his first wife, thereby showing disrespect for the institution of marriage. Others see a simpler motive. "He's set-

**H**e has certainly enlightened the authorities about the Mafia-related killings that have frequently turned Palermo into a war zone. During the past several years, three judges, five police officers, a journalist specializing in Mafia investigations, and uncounted mobsters have been murdered as rival families have attempted to ward off investigations and settle territorial disputes. In 1982 General Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa, the prefect of Palermo and the man credited with striking the first serious blows at the Red Brigades, which had terrorized Italy for a decade, was gunned down with his young wife as he drove along one of the city's main streets. The assassination angered even those who had grudgingly tolerated the Mafia. It outraged the outspoken Archbishop of Palermo, Salvatore Cardinal Pappalardo, who was known to have sympathized with the general's efforts to eradicate the Mafia. The churchman blamed the general's death on the government's failure to act. "While our city is racked, Rome is idle," said the primate at Dalla Chiesa's funeral. "Poor Palermo!"

Poor assassins too. Buscetta is reported to have named those involved in Dalla Chiesa's murder and in other killings. He has also drawn a detailed picture of the entire structure of the Sicilian Mafia and explained how its elements relate to each other. The picture surprised some authorities, because it shows an organization that is more collegial than they had imagined.

According to Buscetta, the Mafia structure resembles a pyramid, whose base is composed of *cosche*, families or clans whose territorial and operational boundaries are strictly defined but whose chiefs bear little resemblance to the almost feudal Mafiosi depicted in *The Godfather*. In a startling statement, Buscetta disclosed that the *capifamiglia*, or family bosses, are elected and sometimes even fired by a vote of family members. He as-

served that few such men were oldtime "men of honor," the occasionally benevolent criminals who were fully initiated into the codes and rituals of the Mafia. Only 8% to 10%, he said, met these qualifications.

As Buscetta explained it, the second tier of the pyramid is made up of provincial commissions throughout Sicily. These, he said, play a mediating and coordinating role among the families. The Palermo commission used to be the most important. Buscetta went on, but in recent years, the Corleone commission has displaced it.

At the top of the pyramid is the so-called *cùpola*, or commission of ten. Headed by the chief of the Palermo provincial council, the *cùpola* is the body that settles jurisdictional conflicts and attempts to coordinate all activities outside Sicily. Dominated by the more powerful of the clans, the commission should sanction the murder of an important judge or politician, or approve the assassination of an uncooperative Mafioso in New York. Sometimes this system works. But on numerous occasions, says Pino Arlacchi, a sociologist on the staff of the Italian legislature's anti-Mafia commission, it does not. In fact, Arlacchi warns against giving too much importance to the structure Buscetta has described. "Certainly there are divisions of territory, and Mafia chieftains do meet periodically to coordinate activities," says Arlacchi. "But more than 500 murders in two years of the Mafia's internal wars offer ample evidence that there is no structure that can always impose peaceful settlements of internal dispute."

Such murders, Buscetta told authorities, were not only the product of territorial rivalries but also the result of battles for top positions between new bosses, who had not previously been accepted by the majority of Mafia members, and old bosses, who often found themselves abandoned by their families. Much of the combat was between the Sicilian Mafia's two major factions, the Palermo gangs and the Corleone families. This ended a year ago, when the Corleone groups established a degree of hegemony and took four places on the ten-member commission.

Buscetta's revelations offered authorities in both the U.S. and Italy a deeper understanding of the ties between the New York and Sicilian Mobs. They challenge the widely held view of the Mafia as a centrally organized entity with branches in the U.S. and Sicily. Instead, they depict it as a looser network of groups in Sicily, the U.S. and elsewhere, linked by a combination of business, personal and family connections. Buscetta's disclosures, in fact, confirmed what investigators had first suspected several years ago, that there are really two Mafia groups working in the U.S.: one composed of the old families that began operating in the U.S. during Prohibition and later branched out into gambling, prostitution, labor racket-

## A Cautionary Tale

The immigration is understandable. America is, after all, the land of opportunity, where those who are ambitious can rise. Most of the young men who leave depressed, poverty-stricken Sicily, with its stifling traditions and high unemployment, work their way toward this goal in their new homeland by digging ditches, laying bricks, driving taxis or waiting on tables in restaurants owned by more affluent relatives. But a few do not. Their choice of employer: the Mafia.

Cesare ("Tall Guy") Bonventre was one of the latter. When he entered the U.S. 16 years ago from Castellammare del Golfo at the age of 17, he had few skills beyond a natural ability with a *lupara*, a sawed-off shotgun. But he was quick and good-looking, and he did have some connections: his uncle Peter was a founding member of New York's Bonanno crime family and his uncle Giovanni was one of the family's leading underbosses. Bonventre was impatient; so when he tired of the construction job his "family" had found for him, he sought and got something better. He and his pal Baldassare Amato were taken on as bodyguards for Bonanno *Consigliere* (counselor) Carmine Galante.

They did their job poorly—or perhaps too well. In July 1979, three masked gunmen burst into a Brooklyn restaurant in which Galante was eating lunch and cut the old man down in a fusillade of bullets. Bonventre and Amato fled the scene unharmed. Hearing that the police were looking for them, they reappeared a few days later and submitted to questioning. The police, who could prove nothing, suspected that the pair at least had knowledge of the assassination. So did members of the Mob, who viewed Bonventre with a new respect. "It takes such guts to kill your boss," said a ranking New York *consigliere*. "That Cesare gained respect for his fearlessness. Many—all—were afraid of a man who could kill his own boss."

The old bosses had good cause for fear as Bonventre, then 28, began to expand his power, cutting down anyone who stood in his way. "He killed this man. He killed that man," said the *consigliere*. "Perhaps he killed 20 men." Bonventre pressed the man who had once been his patron to yield to him his ownership of a restaurant that he coveted. He forced Mafia Don Frank Lupo, 56, out of his established territory. The don had to set himself up a new one in Miami. Bonventre bought himself a sleek, red Ferrari and took to wearing evening clothes as he held court at his newly acquired Brooklyn restaurant. Finally, he talked of going to war with the powerful Gambino family.

The indictment last April of Cesare Bonventre, along with others suspected of involvement in the "pizza connection," probably prevented a bloody New York gang war. It also brought an abrupt end to Bonventre's rapid rise. Before the police could arrest him, he abandoned his \$50,000 Ferrari and drove away in the night in a nondescript blue Buick that was registered to no one important.

His family said that Bonventre, who was suspected of cooperating with the police, would be back. But local Mafiosi knew better, especially when Bonventre's wife gave birth to their first child the next day. "He didn't run," explained one Mob member. "No Sicilian would stay away from his wife who had given him a first son. The whole neighborhood knew that. You could tell when they presented themselves to his wife with the gifts and envelopes without Cesare being there. He must have been dead."

He was. A month after his disappearance, Cesare Bonventre turned up in a warehouse in Garfield, N.J. He had been shot five times, chopped into pieces and stuffed into three 55-gal. oil drums. He was 33 years old and, as far as his fellow Mafiosi were concerned, a victim of his own ambition. "In his mind, in his brain," said one, "he thought he was already the boss. He was arrogant." He was also foolish. In a world where "Honor thy father" is more than just a religious commandment, arrogance can be fatal.



Cesare ("Tall Guy") Bonventre

## World

teering and, more recently, toxic-waste disposal, and the other a "branch office" established by one of the factions of the Sicilian Mafia. The Sicilian branch cooperated with the U.S. Mafia but did not take orders from it.

Buscetta showed, though, that these two Mafias need each other. The traditional U.S. families began with the immigrant "mustache Petes." They were succeeded by the gangsters of the 1920s and '30s, who were quick to settle their differ-

ences with violence. These founding godfathers eventually gave way to more sophisticated criminals, who discovered that buying politicians and law-enforcement officials was just as easy as, and more effective than, shooting them. But the modern U.S. Mafia has fallen on hard times, say federal authorities. With their sons and heirs becoming assimilated and choosing the boardroom over the back room, and with their ranks depleted by the Government's limited but expanding

success at prosecution, U.S. *capi* since the early '60s have found themselves increasingly short of manpower. The Sicilian families have provided the new blood, sending over a generation of immigrants who are very tough and far more willing than their U.S. counterparts to submit to the discipline required of anyone who joins the Mafia's underground army.

The American dons liked the newcomers, who offered them the respect that they got all too rarely from their own off-

## Blood, Business, "Honor"

The origins of the Mafia are lost in the mists of Sicily's tortured history. Scholars disagree on whether the term came from *maehfil*, meaning union in the language of the 9th century Arab conquerors of Sicily, or from the Tuscan word *mafia*, signifying poverty or misery. But there is little doubt that centuries of foreign occupation and feudal oppression turned Sicily into a unique breeding ground for organized crime.

The precursors of the modern Mafia were the *compagnie d'armi*, small private armies that feudal overlords employed to enforce their authority. In the absence of law courts, these armies dispensed a hideous kind of primitive justice. Peasants who found a corpse with a hand chopped off knew that a petty thief had been punished. A body with severed genitals stuffed in his mouth meant that the dead man had "offended" the wife of a *compagnie* member. A missing tongue signified that someone had violated the code of *omertà*, or silence.

By the time the term Mafia came into general usage in the early 19th century, the descendants of the old *compagnie d'armi* had evolved into a secret hierarchical organization, divided into specialized sectors that controlled Sicily's cattle and pasturelands, slaughterhouses, fruit plantations, market gardens and ports. The nucleus of the "honored association," as the Mafia's members euphemistically referred to their organization, was the family, whose members were linked by blood or marriage. A group of families would be allied in a *cocca* (artichoke), a cluster of separate leaves forming a single unit.

The Mafia entered the U.S. along with the wave of immigration that peaked in the first decades of this century. Legendary Sicilian Mafia Chief Don Vito Cascio Ferro is said to have traveled to the U.S. in 1900 to help found the Black Hand, a Mafia-affiliated organization. Back home, Don Vito liked to boast of how he murdered New York City Police Detective Giuseppe Petrosino, an Italian American who had traveled to Palermo in 1909 to investigate the links between the Black Hand and the Sicilian Mafia. On the day the policeman arrived, Don Vito broke away from lunch at the house of a Sicilian deputy of the Italian parliament, shot Petrosino outside Palermo's courthouse and returned in the deputy's carriage to finish his meal. The deputy saved Don Vito from murder charges by swearing that his guest had never left his home.

In order to consolidate his dictatorship, Benito Mussolini decided to crush the Mafia in the mid-1920s. Using such draconian methods as torture and summary execution, the police weakened the Mafia's stranglehold on Sicily. Don Vito was arrested and convicted for smuggling. When the president of the court asked Don Vito if he had something to say in his defense, the tall, distinguished-looking old man with a flowing beard declared, "Gentlemen, since you have been unable to find any evidence for the numerous crimes I really have committed, you are reduced to condemning me for the only one I have not."

The Sicilian Mafia came back to life in 1943, however, when U.S. intelligence asked American Mafia leaders to get in touch with their old colleagues on the island and persuade them to facilitate the movement of Allied troops during the invasion of Sicily. In return, the U.S. military government allowed Mafiosi to

resume positions of power in a number of key Sicilian towns. Among the top operators in postwar Sicily was Italian-born American Mobster Vito Genovese, who had fled to Italy in 1937 when New York City Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey charged him with several underworld killings. Genovese reappeared as an interpreter in the offices of the Allied Military Command in Italy. He soon became the head of a huge smuggling ring dealing in



Vito Genovese, 1957

Lucky Luciano, 1954

goods stolen from the U.S. Army. The Army arrested Genovese in 1944, and he was forcibly returned to the U.S. By then the witnesses to the outstanding murder charge against him had disappeared and he was able to assume control of the Luciano crime family. In 1959 he was sentenced to 15 years on a narcotics charge and died in prison a decade later.

Among the Italian-American mobsters who are believed to have collaborated with U.S. intelligence before the Allied landing in Sicily was Charles ("Lucky") Luciano. In 1946, Dewey commuted his 30- to 50-year sentence for running a New York prostitution ring so that he could be deported to Italy. Together with a number of other American mobsters, Luciano helped form a new organization that was far more interested in the burgeoning international drug market than in old-fashioned "businesses" such as cattle rustling and extortion. The inevitable clash between the new and old Mafia resulted in a sensational series of shootings and stabbings on the streets of Palermo in the mid-1950s. The killings marked a sinister turning point in the history of the honored association: henceforth no code of honor or oath of loyalty would prove stronger than the lure of incalculable profits in the drug trade.

—By Patricia Blake

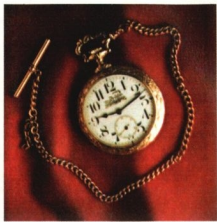


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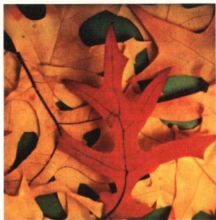
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## Model Treaty

spring. But as one East Coast *capo* told TIME Correspondent Jonathan Beatty, the hot-blooded Sicilians have also escalated the level of violence in a world that already had too much of it. "This new generation," he sighed. "All they know is shoot, shoot, shoot."

The Sicilian Mafia began to provide heroin. In the old days, say federal authorities, opium was grown in Turkey, shipped to Marseilles, France, where it was processed by Corsicans, and then imported into the U.S. by American Mafia families headed by the Genovese family and others. The cracking of the so-called French connection in the early 1970s and the virtual elimination, under U.S. pressure, of opium growing in Turkey all but closed that international trade route.

The consequence was that by the mid-1970s there was a vacuum that the Sicilian Mafia was all too eager to fill. As law-enforcement authorities have suspected—



U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani

and Buscetta has now confirmed—Palermo has replaced Marseilles as the center of Europe's heroin business. Authorities estimate that some two tons of pure heroin (worth billions of dollars at street prices) are produced in Palermo each year from opium smuggled into Italy from the Golden Crescent of Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan. Heroin can often be bought in New York City's Times Square 48 hours after it leaves Sicily.

The Sicilian connection, say authorities, made heroin smuggling easier because its participants knew each other. "When the Mafia bought from the French connection, they paid up front because they didn't trust each other," says Giuliani. "But these people don't do business that way. They do it with a handshake, because they have been doing business with each other for such a long time."

In a typical deal, explains Giuliani, Alfano and his people would agree on a quantity of heroin to be delivered and set a price with Giuseppe Ganci, Catalano's chief lieutenant. The money would be wired from brokerage accounts at major

A legal change enacted just days before the Palermo crackdown will enable U.S. and Italian law-enforcement officials to cooperate more fully in the ongoing war against the Mafia. Under a new extradition treaty between the two countries, many of the obstacles that had made it difficult for officials in one country to pursue suspects in the other have been eliminated.

Among its features: both countries will now let their own citizens be extradited. Previously, Italy and the U.S. generally refused to send their nationals to be tried abroad. The pact also allows both governments to freeze any assets held by suspected fugitives.

The agreement is a compromise between the continental Napoleonic and Anglo-American legal concepts. Italian authorities no longer have to meet the stringent "probable cause" requirement, under which they virtually had to prove in advance that a suspect was guilty. Now a "reasonable basis" for believing that the person sought has committed a crime is sufficient. In practice, this means that they provide a certified copy of the arrest warrant, "a summary of the facts of the case, of the relevant evidence and of the conclusions reached." Once extradited, a person can be jailed until his trial, which may be months later.

The new treaty also allows a person convicted in one country to be extradited to the other before having served a full jail sentence. The day the agreement went into effect, U.S. marshals hustled Michele Sindona, an Italian citizen serving a 25-year term in a U.S. federal prison for various offenses in connection with the collapse of the Franklin National Bank, aboard a flight to Milan. He faces trial there on charges stemming from the failure of his Italian financial empire. If Sindona is convicted in Italy, he will still have to be returned to the U.S. to serve out his sentence.

U.S. Ambassador to Italy Maxwell Rabb began to press for the treaty after a group of law-enforcement officials in Palermo complained to him that the U.S. was hampering their efforts by failing to take Italian extradition requests seriously. Rabb's previous impression had been exactly the reverse, that Italy had been stonewalling U.S. demands. "What we had here," he says, "was an opportunity to clear up differences where the blame for the past was about equal." U.S. and Italian authorities hope that the new extradition accord will serve as a model for agreements with other countries.

firms to secret accounts in Switzerland, where it might remain for three or four months before a member of the Badalamenti family collected it. Meanwhile, as a sign of trust between the two groups, the heroin would be delivered. The actual smuggling is done in innumerable ways. One example: a year ago, FBI agents examined a load of ceramic tiles being shipped from a company located near Milan to an address in Buffalo. When they looked inside the hollowed-out beams of the wooden pallets that held the tiles, they found 40 lbs. of heroin. Replacing the heroin with a look-alike substance, the FBI allowed the shipment to proceed and followed it to its destination with arrest warrants for eight people. When they raided the address to which the heroin was sent, they found an additional 20 lbs., plus handguns, jewelry and \$150,000 in cash.

Authorities in Italy and the U.S. had



Italian Prosecutor Giovanni Falcone

long suspected the existence of the Sicilian connection, and in the late 1970s rapidly expanded joint efforts to expose and eliminate it. The cooperation has become extensive. U.S. authorities have traveled to Italy to share information with their Italian counterparts; Assistant U.S. Attorney Charles Rose flew to Brazil last year after Buscetta's arrest. Only hours after those named in the Italian arrest warrants had been taken into custody in the U.S., top law-enforcement officials from both countries met at the Justice Department in Washington to make plans for combined police actions and prosecutions in the U.S. and Italy. The 14-member Italian-American working group has encouraged local law-enforcement officials. "It's about time law enforcement got as organized as organized crime," says Giuliani.

Aiding the joint effort is a new extradition treaty (see box). Italy has requested the extradition of at least 16 men rounded up last week in the U.S. Giuliani indicated that he expects Buscetta to be brought to the U.S. to provide general information on the Mafia. And possibly for his own

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## World

safety. Some law-enforcement authorities speculate that Buscetta can be better protected in the U.S. than in Italy, where Mafia dons have long found it even easier than their American counterparts to run their affairs from prison cells. Some Mafiosi, however, feel that Buscetta's days are numbered wherever he is. Asked how long he thought Buscetta would survive, one New York family man merely shrugged and offered his questioner a cup of coffee.

Many officials in both countries believe they are on the verge of a major breakthrough in their long, only partly effective war against the Mafia. Flushed with the success of their campaign to combat the political terrorism of the Red Brigades, Italian authorities have been moving against the Mafia with increasing vigor in recent months. Meanwhile, the U.S. has also been doing better as it has stepped up its attack on organized crime. According to FBI Director William Webster, narcotics investigations alone produced 700 convictions in the fiscal year that ended Sept. 30, 1983. Justice Department investigations have produced such minor victories as the 1980 conviction of Joseph Bonanno for trying to thwart a grand jury investigation, the 1980 conviction of Crime Family Boss Frank Tieri for racketeering, and the 1981 conviction of New Orleans Crime Chief Carlos Marcello for conspiracy in a bribery and kick-back scheme.

**T**hese convictions have not crippled the Mafia, which, as both the 1981 fatal bombing of Philadelphia Mobster Philip Testa and the recent indictments of New York mobsters for conspiracy in connection with Suffolk County garbage collections attest, is amply active. The President's Commission on Organized Crime, established last summer, estimates that the Mafia takes in up to \$168 billion a year in the U.S., or more than the gross domestic products of Greece and Austria combined. Says FBI Director Webster: "There are few businesses or industries in our communities that are not affected by organized-criminal enterprises. This brand of crime is costing the American people billions of dollars every year."

Nor is the Mafia any less active in Italy, where organized crime has a hold on every major city. In Sicily, the old Mafia has infested every aspect of the island's life. Once known for its poverty, Sicily may now be addicted to a rich diet of drug money. Some Sicilians, in fact, wonder how anything will ever get done without the Mafia to navigate a hopelessly tangled bureaucracy. As a Palermo businessman said last week, "Our city administration is so bad that without the 'friends of friends,' how are we ever going to get anything accomplished? At least with the Mafia, you knew how to fiddle it."



Reign of terror: bodies of General Dalla Chiesa and wife

Prosecutors in the U.S. and Italy acknowledge the Mafia's continuing influence but are convinced they can reduce it. Italian authorities insist that last week's roundup, which was organized secretly and carried out with military precision, will be followed by more arrests as they question those in custody and pursue the leads laid out by Buscetta in his statement. U.S. officials are equally encouraged. "This is truly a historic occasion," said U.S. Attorney General William French Smith, "because this is the first time that there has been an arrangement of this kind developed

between two countries that has been made up of policy-level officials who have the authority to make decisions." The optimism is understandable. Buscetta's decision to break with the Mafia has given the police voluminous information and may encourage others to sing as well. It has also provided other would-be Mafia renegades with a model and given law enforcement a major psychological boost. Says Giuliani: "This is the type of work where you don't get many victories. It's enormously important as an example that someone at a very high level has broken his silence."

Dramatic as they may be, Buscetta's revelations have painted only a small part of the big picture of Mafia organization and activity. U.S. and Italian officials point out that Buscetta has revealed far more about the activities of the Corleone families than he has about his own Palermo organization. They suspect that despite his talk about honor, the Sicilian singer may lose his voice once he has finished implicating his rivals. They also note that the loose-tongued Buscetta is a rarity and that most Mafiosi still respect their organization, and value their lives, sufficiently to keep silent.

Yet Buscetta's disclosures, and the very fact that he was willing to make them, indicate that the seemingly solid facade of the Mafia has its cracks. By continuing the cooperation that has brought them this far, U.S. and Italian authorities can widen the gaps. With patience and persistence they may even widen them to the point that the Mafia's facade crumbles. Doing so will be neither quick nor easy. But as last week's events show, the goal is worth pursuing. —By Peter Stoler. Reported by Walter Galling and Roberto Suro/Rome and Barry Kalb/New York, with other bureaus



A murdered prosecutor, 1980



National Day Parade in Peking's Tiananmen Square: first came the tanks, a three-stage ICBM and goose-stepping troops . . .

CHINA

## Snappy Birthday, Comrades

*In a colossal bash, Deng honors the armed forces and boosts military morale*

**T**he celebration was worthy of the world's most populous nation. More than half a million people, in high good humor, paraded and danced through Peking's vast Tiananmen Square last week to mark the 35th anniversary of the People's Republic of China. More than anything, however, the day belonged to Deng Xiaoping, 80, China's modernization-minded leader, who had chosen the occasion for the first public review in 25 years of the country's military might. Standing erect in an open-roofed Hongqi (Red Flag) limousine, Deng slowly rode along rows of troops, barking out in his heavy Sichuan accent the ritual greeting of the People's Liberation Army, "Hello, comrades!" followed by "You are working hard!" Back came the soldiers' enthusiastic responses, "Hello, Commander!" and "Serve the people!"

The men and women of China's 4.2 million-strong People's Liberation Army,\* the biggest but by no means the most threatening military force in the world, had reason to feel gratified. Long years of disrepute and public neglect appeared to be ending at last. Over the past two decades, the P.L.A.'s leadership has

\*The term refers to all of China's armed forces, not just the army.

repeatedly been purged as punishment for meddling in Peking's power struggles. Resented by many civilians for its special privileges and occasional shows of arrogance, the P.L.A. saw its reputation as a fighting force badly damaged by its poor performance during China's three-week invasion of Viet Nam in 1979. Cuts in budget and manpower levels depressed morale even further. In Deng's drive for "four modernizations" of his country, first announced in 1971, the military ranked only fourth—after agriculture, industry, and science and technology. In terms of equipment, training and logistic support, according to Western analysts, China still lags at least a generation behind its powerful neighbor, the Soviet Union. Thus Deng's decision to bestow public recognition on the armed forces, as an estimated 400 million Chinese watched the televised proceedings, was an impressive, morale-boosting gesture.

With fine political acumen, Deng, the senior member of China's Politburo and chairman of the Central Military Commission, identified himself wholly with the P.L.A. during the solemn day of rehabilitation. After reviewing the assembled troops, he mounted a rostrum to deliver

an eight-minute speech that made it clear that China is proud of itself these days. Said he: "The whole country has taken on a new look . . . Today our people are full of joy and pride." Noting the initialing only a week earlier of an agreement with Britain under which the Crown Colony of Hong Kong will be returned to Chinese sovereignty in 1997, Deng spoke of "peaceful reunification with Taiwan" as "an irresistible trend." He also addressed himself directly to the military. "In the seriously deteriorating international situation," he warned, "we must strengthen our national defense. All officers and men of the Chinese People's Liberation Army must be alert at all times, constantly improve their military and political qualities, and strive to gain knowledge and capacity for modern warfare."

As he concluded his speech, a 1,200-member P.L.A. band struck up the first of several marches. The parade's leading unit, a 153-man, three-service honor guard, moved out at a brisk 116 paces a minute, in the goose step that is traditional for military displays in Communist countries. Artillery pieces boomed out a 28-gun salute, a symbolic reminder of the 28 years it took Mao Tse-tung and his Communist armies to wrest the mainland





... followed by masses of moving humanity, including schoolchildren waving wreaths and accompanying a bust of Mao Tse-tung

from the control of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists.

Less than ten minutes of the two-hour parade was taken up by the armed forces—6,000 soldiers followed by tanks, artillery and missiles. The rest consisted of a series of giant tableaux of moving humanity, depicting China's achievements under Deng, interspersed with battalions of dancers and students, all waving pompoms that transformed Tiananmen Square into shifting patterns of bright color. One huge float, representing the Yangtze River hydraulic project, had water gushing over a model dam; in another, a 14-ft. robot blinked, waved a bouquet of flowers and blurted out, "Long live the motherland!"

China's Olympic medalists rode on their own float. A handful of students flashed a personal greeting for their leader as the youngsters passed the reviewing stand displaying a homemade banner that read XIAOPING NINHAO (HELLO, XIAOPING). With nightfall came a stupendous display of fireworks and laser lights. For more than an hour, 278 artillery tubes fired 40,000 pyrotechnic rockets that rose up to 1,000 ft. over the capital. Some 200,000 celebrators participated in folk dancing. Peking residents were dazzled: there was no precedent for the sheer grandeur of the extravaganza.

It was the military review, however, that fascinated Peking's diplomatic community and foreign guests, among them Kampuchean Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who lives in Peking part of the time, and former West German Chancellor Helmut

Schmidt. Not only was China showing off weaponry that outsiders had not been permitted to see before, but as Peking Military Region Commander Qin Jiwei made clear, it was the first such demonstration in 35 years. Said a Western military attaché: "It was an impressive display of equipment that shows a pretty good capability in terms of manufacturing. There wasn't a piece there that was not made in China." If the review provided no stunning surprises, the closeup look at relatively advanced conventional weapons and intercontinental ballistic missiles gave foreigners an opportunity to gauge China's priorities and capacities in the production of modern military hardware.

**W**ith almost theatrical timing, the forces in the display paraded past the reviewing stand with progressively more sophisticated arms. The climax came with China's pride, the big missiles. The contingent was led by two short, stubby rockets that Western observers recognized as CSS-NX-4s, still experimental but deployed for trials aboard one of China's two *Xia*-class ballistic-missile submarines. With a limited range probably similar to that of early U.S. sub-launched Polaris missiles (1,200 to 1,500 miles), the CSS-NX-4 nonetheless is a potent weapon: its existence ensures that part of China's nuclear deterrent can survive an enemy's first strike on its land-based missiles. In order of size there followed three medium-range land-launched CSS-2s, three intermediate-range CSS-3s and, largest by far, a CSS-4,

a three-stage intercontinental mammoth capable of hitting targets as far as 8,000 miles away, a range that includes the Soviet Union, the U.S. and all of Asia. So big was the CSS-4 that it was trundled by, separated into its stages, on two transporters.

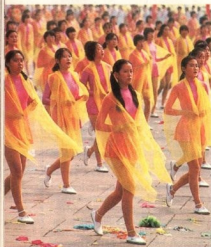
About halfway through the review, the roar of jets signaled an air force flypast, which was virtually invisible to ground observers because of Peking's chronic smog. The New China News Agency reported that 96 aircraft had taken part. They included H-6 bombers, Chinese versions of the Soviet TU-16 Badger; A-6s, radically redesigned ground-support planes similar to the MiG-19; and F-7s, a Chinese adaptation of the MiG-21. The foreign observers had not missed much. Although China has the second-largest number of combat aircraft in the world (after the Soviet Union), most are either obsolete or obsolescent. The H-6, for example, China's only bomber of note, is based on a 25-year-old design, has a limited range (less than 3,000 miles) and is not capable of penetrating a sophisticated air-defense network. So far, China has been unable to develop either an effective modern fighter-bomber with nuclear-delivery capability or a technically sophisticated fighter.

The navy, too, hardly presents a threat to any of Peking's neighbors. Though it has an impressive force of 100 diesel-powered submarines and at least two *Han*-class nuclear-powered attack subs, China does not have a navy capable of projecting power worldwide. The conventional subs cannot venture far beyond

## World



White-gloved youths, carrying a panoply of red flags, parade in perfect precision



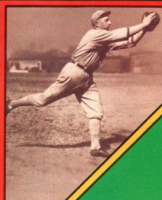
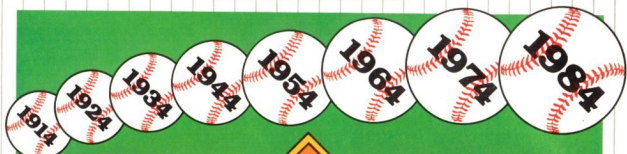
Dancers, both modern and traditional, display their form; above; fireworks conclude the day



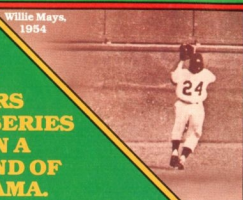
coastal waters and are highly vulnerable to sonar detection. Nonetheless, China's navy has been receiving the lion's share of modernization funds. Its current manpower of 360,000 is more than double its 1970 strength, and the number of Chinese combat vessels has tripled to more than 300 since 1980. Behind the sped-up naval expansion program lie fears of the growing Soviet presence in Far Eastern waters, based in part on access and use privileges the Soviets have been granted at Viet Nam's Cam Ranh Bay. China also has offshore oilfields that might need protection in the future.

There was little in the display to indicate that for the moment Peking aspires to much more than being a regional military power and protecting its huge land mass against threats, mainly, no doubt, from the Soviet Union. Even that danger seems distant at present. Said a Washington analyst last week: "The Chinese don't think they're going to be invaded. They're quite laid back. The sense of urgency about the Soviet military receded rapidly in the late 1970s. They view it as a long-term threat." In the meantime, according to the analyst, the Soviet Union would be hard-pressed to wipe out China's elusive nuclear deterrent in one strike. Says he: "The Chinese hide many of their missiles. Some of them are in caves. They invented the missile shuttle game. They move them around all the time."

In many ways, the Oct. 1 parade was most significant for its political impact: after encountering initial opposition, Deng appears to be slowly succeeding in reshaping and streamlining the P.L.A. into a less politicized, more professional military force. For an army that was the dominant institution in the evolution of the Chinese Communist Party, that attempt is nothing short of revolutionary. Deng has already accomplished much against the resistance of the military's aged and entrenched bureaucrats. Younger and better-trained officers are steadily pushing out the old guard. A new, 48-article disciplinary code announced this year is expected to curb the habits of senior officers who frequent the country's best resorts and restaurants. A working consensus has emerged in Peking on a fundamental defense doctrine, which is called the People's War Under Modern Conditions. Obviously it has become apparent to China's military leaders that they can no longer rely on Mao's guerrilla doctrine of "luring the enemy deep." If ever practiced against a Soviet invasion, that would invite an armored Soviet blitz across the Manchurian plain toward the heart of China, an attack that would be difficult to contain. For all the relative backwardness of China's military machine, its sheer numbers cannot be overlooked—nor can the nation's awakening ambitions. China intends to add to its military muscle, and as that happens, the world will have to take notice. —By Frederick Painton. Reported by David Aliman/Peking



Eddie Collins,  
1914

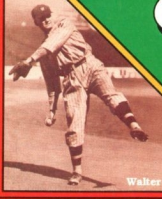


Willie Mays,  
1954

**EVERY  
TEN YEARS  
THE WORLD SERIES  
ERUPTS IN A  
SPECIAL KIND OF  
SUPERDRAMA.**

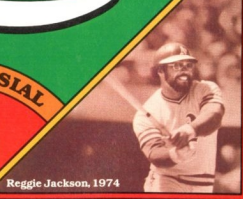
**WILL IT HAPPEN**

*Again?*



Walter Johnson, 1924

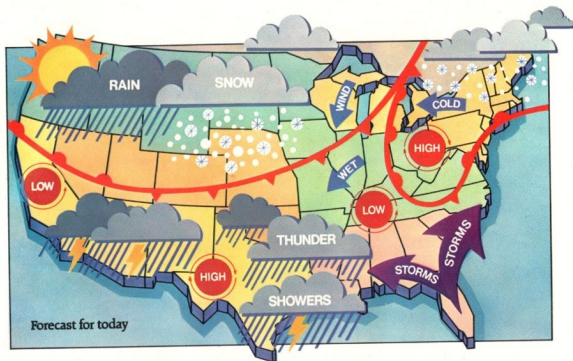
**BY STAN MUSIAL**



Reggie Jackson, 1974



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AN INSIDE STORY FROM  
GREAT SERIES PAST BY  
CARDINAL HALL OF FAMER  
STAN MUSIAL.**



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\*Based on manufacturers' reported retail deliveries during 1982-1984 model years.

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# 1984: WILL IT HAPPEN Again?

**E**very 10 years from 1914 on, the World Series has become the stage for a special kind of excitement: a once-in-a-decade explosion of great baseball or off-field shenanigans that has ended in some kind of change for the game. Each time, the season's play before these baseball blow-outs has taken on a particular flavor, afterward, the game has been altered. And in 1984, according to the calendar, it's due to happen again.

The Philadelphia Athletics of 1914 were the best team baseball had ever produced, with a superb infield that included Hall of Famer Eddie Collins. They had been World Champions three of the previous four years. And this year seemed as though it would be no different. Connie Mack, the 51-year-old owner-manager, had assembled a club so powerful that it coasted to the American League pennant. Mack sent his star pitchers, Eddie Plank and Chief Bender, home a week early to rest up for the Series. He also suggested that while Bender was taking it easy he should scout the National League champs. But Bender protested, "What's the use of wasting a perfectly good afternoon looking over that bunch of bush-league hitters?"

It seemed like a good question. On July 19, the Boston Braves had been in last place in the National League, and barely seemed to belong in the same game—let alone the World Series—with the A's. For example, the catcher, Hank Gowdy, led the league with 21 errors while hitting only .243. Meanwhile the top stars on the A's were being wooed by fat offers from an organization called the Federal League that was trying to buy its way to big-league status.

Suddenly the pushover Beantowners turned tiger. In one of the great finishes in baseball history they won 34 of 44 games to surge out of the cellar and wind up 10½ games in front of the stum-

bling Giants. Baseball writers began calling the closing rush a miracle. But the Braves called it good baseball. Before the Series, A's outfielder Harry Davis said to his former teammate, Braves outfielder Herbie Moran, "You fellows did a great job, Herbie, and I expect we'll have a great Series." Moran replied, "Harry, I don't think you fellows will win a single game."

The hardest nose in this newly tough bunch of Braves belonged to manager

dressed at the National League Phillies' stadium, rather than at the A's Shibe Park. And

Stallings even refused to give the Philadelphia announcer his starting lineup.

Rarely had there been so much excitement coming into the Series. But the fall classic ended quickly; and the A's never knew what hit them. More accurately, they never knew how Gowdy hit them. The Boston catcher laced out a single, double and triple in the Braves' 7-1 victory in the opener, and later added two doubles, a homer and five walks (while committing no errors). Meanwhile Philadelphia

Diz tooted his horn in '34.



Muggy lost big in '24.

George Stallings. He counseled his troops as though they were going to war. They were not to speak to the A's during the Series. Stallings' battle cry was "Ignore 'em or insult 'em." He signed on utility infielder Oscar Dugue, just to study the A's for fodder for his bench jockeys. The Braves

Right after the season, Bender and Plank signed with the Federal League. In disgust, Mack tore up the rest of his team, selling six more stars to wipe out baseball's first dynasty. The next season the A's plummeted into the cellar, winning only 43 games. They finished last for six more years in a row. And though the Federal League soon folded, the structure of baseball had been shaken to its roots.

**I**n 1924 the New York Giants under manager John McGraw became the first team ever to win four consecutive pennants. McGraw, a snarling, combative Irishman with the nickname Muggy, had put together a roster of museum-piece quality. Seven players were later named to the Hall of Fame, including two youngsters then still riding the bench, Bill Terry and 18-year-old Freddie Lindstrom.

Opposing the Giants were the Washington Senators, led by 27-year-old player-manager Bucky (Boy Wonder) Harris, who was 10 years younger than his star pitcher, the immortal Walter Johnson. The Big Train, as Johnson was called, had won well over 300 games since 1907, but had the misfortune to play with the up-and-down Senators, who had never reached the World Series. Thus when Washington edged the Yankees by two games to take the AL pennant, fan sentiment lay solidly behind the Big Train to gain a Series victory—and behind the Senators to whip the unpopular McGraw's perennial favorites.

The events of the final weekend of the National League season had done little to enhance the Giants' image. With New York protecting a slim lead in the pennant race, reserve outfielder Jimmy O'Connell and coach Cozy Dolan were charged with offering Phillie shortstop Heinie Sand a \$500 bribe to "take it easy" on the Giants in the season-ending games. Baseball Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis swiftly banished both

Gowdy turned tiger in '14.

was held to a .172 batting average. The result was the first four-game sweep in Series history—engineered by the Miracle Braves.

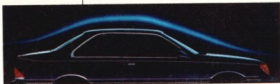
# Forward

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importantly, it results in a functional shape that actually reduces lift for improved directional control and stability. In short, Tempo's shape improves the way it drives. Which brings us to the next paragraph which deals with handling.

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developed 2300 HSC (High Swirl Combustion) engine. And to keep Tempo's thinking current, we've added Electronic Fuel Injection this year. A forward thinking 2.0 liter diesel engine is available. And the optimum operating efficiency of your Tempo will be maintained by the EEC-IV Computer, a state-of-the-art microprocessor engine control system.

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The end result is a five-passenger,

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# The forward thinking car.

## SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

men from the game for life. As the teams prepared for the Series, it also became clear the Giants would not have the services of star third baseman Heinie Groh, whose torn knee forced McGraw to replace him with the teenage rookie Lindstrom.

In Game 1, the Giants rapped 14 hits in a 4-3, 12-inning derailling of the Big Train. The teams alternated

**Don't miss this year's telecast of the World Series on the NBC Television Network. It will be brought to you in part by Ford beginning Tuesday, October 9. Check your local listings for the time in your area.**

victories until Game 5, when Johnson started again. Lindstrom stroked four singles and drove in two runs, while the Giants rocked Johnson for 13 hits to win 6-2.

The next day Johnson was quoted in the newspapers as saying, "Well, it seems to be my luck not to win a game in a World Series. I have had my chance and failed." But Boy Wonder Bucky Harris—and Dame Fortune—gave Johnson one more chance. In the eighth inning of Game 7, with Washington down 3-1, Harris rapped a grounder that hit a pebble and bounded over Lindstrom's head, driving in two runs to tie the score 3-3. When the inning ended, Harris called in Johnson as relief pitcher with only two days rest, setting the stage for an unforgettable finale.

The weary Johnson struggled but managed to hold off the Giants into the 12th inning. Then, with Washington at bat, catcher Muddy Ruel doubled and up stepped centerfielder Earl McNeely. He hit a hopper at Lindstrom—who watched helplessly as this grounder, too, struck a pebble and skipped overhead into leftfield, taking the Series with it.

Griffith Stadium exploded. The Big Train had a Series victory at last. And Muggsy McGraw, it seemed, was finally getting his come-uppance. Through eight more years he never won another pennant as his dynasty, like that of the A's, came to a finish with this Series.



short while later in St. Louis a very different kind of baseball powerhouse emerged—a grubby, laughing, wisecracking, tobacco-chewing bunch that came to be called the Gas House Gang. The 1934 St. Louis Cardinals set standards for clubhouse antics and good, rough play that many teams half a century later have never matched. Gas House Gang baseball meant diving into the dirt, and rubbing the grime in instead of brushing it off. It meant fighting to win, and if that included fighting your teammates, well, manager-second baseman Frankie Frisch didn't frown upon that. How could he, with a club led by such firebrands as third baseman Pepper Martin (the Wild Horse of the Osage) and a lippy shortstop named Leo Durocher.

The unquestioned top banana was Jay Hanna (Dizzy) Dean, a freewheeling pitcher with an arm that just about matched his good-natured cockiness. In March Dizzy announced that "Me and Paul [his brother and fellow Cardinal pitcher, known to the public as Daffy] were going to win 50 games. As it was, Dizzy finished 30-7—the last National Leaguer to win 30—and Daffy wound up 19-11, for a victory total of 49. Dizzy was

### The Schoolboy got an earful in '34.



Stan's homer helped wake up the Cardinals in '44.

unembarrassed at the short-fall. "Hell," he said, "if I'd a known he was so close I'd a won another."

In the American League, the Detroit Tigers had little trouble winning the pennant, their first in 25 years. The team batted an even .300, but Dizzy said the Cardinals would take the Tigers like a bulldog takes a pussycat. Then he added, "The way I see it, braggin' is where you do a lot of poppin' off and ain't got nothing to back it up. But I ain't braggin'. I know me and Paul is gonna win four games in this here Series—if Dizzy is good enough to win a couple when we ain't pitchin'—and you might just as well be honest and tell the public all about it."

Dizzy promptly beat the Tigers at Detroit in the opener, 8-3. Detroit evened it up in Game 2 when Schoolboy Rowe set down 22 men straight in a 3-2, 12-inning match. In a post-game radio interview, Rowe asked his fiancée, "How'm I doin', Edna?" That question would come back to haunt him.

Daffy won Game 3 in St. Louis quite easily, 4-1. But the Cards lost the next two, including Game 5, when Dizzy was outdueled, 3-1, by Detroit's 22-game-winner Tommy Bridges, and the two

teams headed back to Tiger-town.

In Game 6 the Gas House Gang pulled out all the stops. The bench set up a mercurial chant of "How'm I doin', Edna?" at the unfortunate Detroit starter, Rowe, who was obviously embarrassed as the riding went on. Through it all Daffy pitched a solid 4-3 victory.

Though Frisch pretended he hadn't decided who would start the last game, no one doubted it would be Diz—and Diz never doubted who would win. St. Louis scored seven runs in the third inning, knocking out three pitchers, including Edna's fiancée. The other big knockout was scored by Commissioner Landis. After the Cardinals' Joe Medwick slid hard into Detroit third baseman Mary Owen, the fans pelted the leftfielder with bottles and food. Landis forced Frisch to remove him from the game.

The final score was 11-0. Final tally for the Series: Daffy Dean, two wins; Dizzy Dean two wins, as promised. It may have been the most fun anybody ever had playing the World Series—and it really started something. In the next 11 years the Cardinals won four Series; I was lucky enough to be there all four times.



**W**hen the 1944 season began, the only things the St. Louis Cardinals and the St. Louis Browns shared was an address. Both teams played at Sportsman's Park, the rickety ballyard at the corner of Grand and Dodier. But that was all they shared. We had won the last two National League pennants. During 40 years in the American League, the Browns had never finished first. Things looked no different in the spring of '44. Brownie manager Luke Sewell had a rowdy bunch of players who spent most of spring training practicing how to have a good time. That's excluding Teddy Atkinson, of course. He was an outfield prospect brought to camp by shortstop Don Gutteridge. He was also 14 years old.

But such was wartime baseball. As good as we were that season—and we won 105 games—a lot of Cardinals were in the Armed Forces, and most of our own lineup couldn't have started on our postwar '46 team.

Probably none of the Browns could have either, even shortstop Vern Stephens, who led the AL with 109 RBIs in '44. Nobody imagined the rest of the Browns being the equal of the Cards. We had beaten them four out of five in the annual "city series" before the season. But on the final day of the

pennant race, the Browns and Tigers were tied for the lead. Before their first-ever sellout crowd, the Browns finished a four-game sweep of the Yankees by winning 5-2, while the Tigers lost to the Senators 4-1. The Brownies were in.

When the Browns' Denny Galehouse, a 32-year-old journeyman, beat our ace, Mort Cooper, 2-1 in the opener, the whole park rocked—but not for us. After sitting in the stands for Game 1, my wife informed me, "This is a Brownie town." After Game 2, which we eked out 3-2 in 11 innings, we were concerned. After Game 3, when Jack Kramer beat us 6-2, we were very concerned. We had had to play from behind, which we weren't accustomed to doing.

I had been having a mediocre Series, but I righted myself in Game 4, and so did the rest of the team. I tagged Sig Jakucki, who had come off the sandlots to win 13 games for the Browns, for a two-run homer in the first and I scored again in the third. Harry (the Cat) Brecheen won that one, 5-1. Then Mort Cooper reversed his Game 2 fortune, outpitching Galehouse 2-0, and we closed the Brownies out in Game 6, 3-1.

Being married with two children, I wasn't drafted until 1945. I missed that season, one in which the Cards fell short and finished three games behind the Cubs.

However, when the war ended and our guys came back, we won both the pennant and the Series again in '46—while the Browns soon returned to the second division. And when the Brownies moved to Baltimore to become the Orioles in 1954, that was the end of St. Louis as anything but a Cardinal town.

**T**he 1954 Cleveland Indians may have been the most powerful club for a single season that ever played baseball. They won more games (111) than any AL team before or since. And they took the AL championship away from the mighty New York Yankees, even though manager Casey Stengel brought them home with 103 wins—of his 10 pennant-winning teams, none would reach the 100-victory mark.

After Cleveland swept a September doubleheader from New York, Casey assessed the pennant runaway in best Stengelese: "I ain't conceding," he said, "but they won because they got amazing pitching like I have never seen in six years in the league and they was well-managed and they won all those games from those other clubs which makes me wonder why some of those other clubs that is always worrying about 'the Yankees' the Yankees that don't

get the idea and start worrying about themselves." I couldn't have said it better. In fact, I couldn't have said it, period. But Casey's point was clear.

Facing this juggernaut would be the New York Giants, who came into the Series with "only" 97 wins. They were led by a magic man named Willie Mays, only 23 years old and on the threshold of one of baseball's great careers. Mays had come back from two years in the Army to hit 345, with 41 homers and 110 RBIs. And no one has ever played centerfield better than the way Willie patrolled the vast depths of the Polo Grounds.

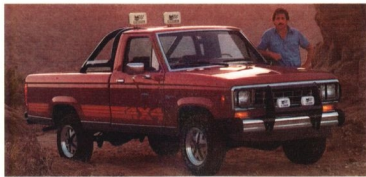
The Indians opened the Series the way they had closed the regular season—looking like big winners. They nicked Giant starter Sal Maglie for two runs in the first inning of Game 1. But in the eighth inning, Willie Mays took the heart out of them. With the score tied 2-2, two men on and none out, Cleveland first baseman Vic Wertz rocketed a ball deep into centerfield. Mays, taking off with the crack of the bat, ran down the ball 450 feet from the plate, grabbed it over his shoulder and, in one whirling motion, threw to the plate to save a run. That catch is still considered the most spectacular defensive play in World Series history—and it set the stage for an unlikely hero

Willie made the World Series' all-time great catch off Wertz's shot in '54.



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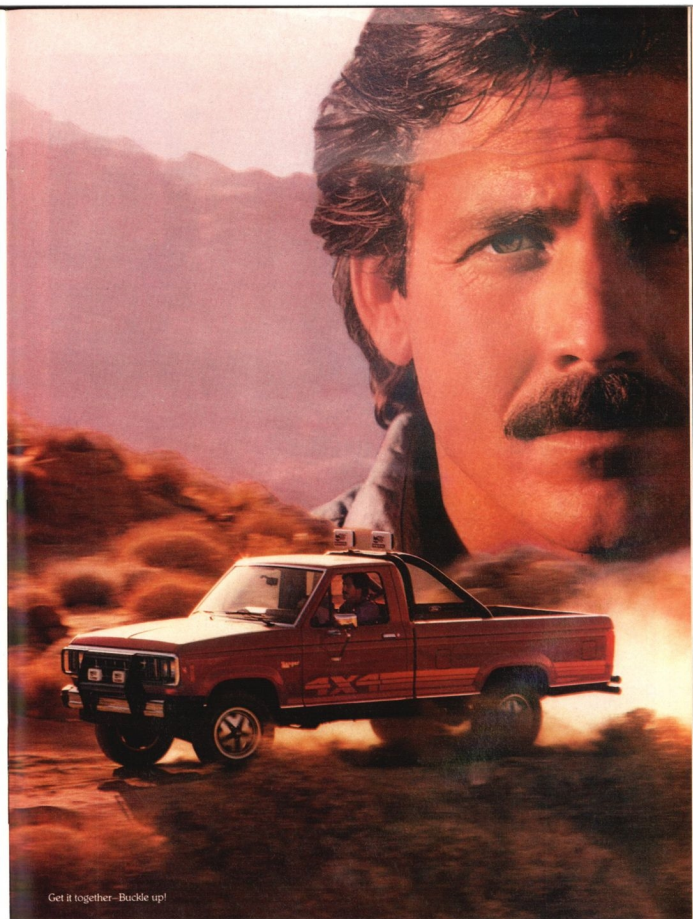
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\*Based on most recently available MY manufacturer's reported retail deliveries.



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who put the Indians away for keeps.

In the Giants' halt of the 10th inning, with two on, utility outfielder Dusty Rhodes, a big Southerner who liked big cigars, pinch-hit for regular leftfielder Monte Irvin and drove Bob Lemon's first pitch into the short rightfield porch to put the Giants one game up. In the fifth inning of Game 2, Rhodes, again hitting for Irvin, singled to center to drive in Mays, and the Giants won 3-1. In Game 3, Rhodes substituted for Irvin in the third (Durocher was getting the idea) and rapped a bases-loaded single. New York 6, Cleveland 2.

The Giants closed it out the next day with a 7-4 win, becoming the first National League club since the 1914 Miracle Braves to sweep the Series in four games. In the wake of this disaster Cleveland fell into Brownie-like submission—they haven't won a pennant since. But in the other league the wonderful era of Willie Mays was in full swing for a run of 19 more years that produced a total of 660 homers and a whole bagful of super catches before he finished his career at age 42.



was also 42 when I retired in 1963, an old man according to baseball's

calendar. And I missed being a part of another World Championship by a year. But I never felt I quit too soon—though I really would have enjoyed playing in one more World Series.

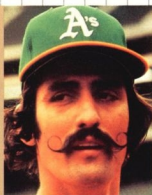
Then again, if I hadn't retired, the Cards wouldn't have made it to the '64 Series. A big reason St. Louis won that year (besides the fact that Philadelphia blew a 6½-game lead with 12 games to play) was the play of Lou Brock, whom the Cards got from the Cubs in June to take over my left-field spot. He hit .348 in a St. Louis uniform in '64. I was much too old to hit .348.

The ball club St. Louis faced in this Series was also a little too old. Though Stengel had retired, the Yankees had

won the American League flag for the 14th time in 16 years. But the seams were beginning to show. The team floundered for most of the season. In July, the Yankee brass quietly decided to get rid of manager Yogi Berra at season's end, figuring at least part of the club's problem was that the players were goofing off on their easy-going old teammate.

In St. Louis, the front-office situation was even more clouded. Owner Gussie Busch, my benefactor for so many years, fired general manager Bing Devine in August. And Johnny Keane, the field manager, was so angry he decided to resign effective at season's end. So there both clubs were, in the fall classic, with lame-duck managers.

The teams opened in St. Louis's Busch Stadium, where the aches and pains of the Yankee oldsters began to show right away. New York started its ace lefthander



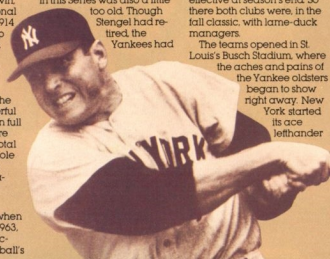
Fingers took MVP honors in '74 ...

Whitey Ford, who had won 10 Series games in his career. However, a chronic arm problem flared up as the Cardinals blasted him out 9-5. Ford didn't pitch again in that Series, or any other.

New York bounced back to win the second game 8-3, as Yankee rookie Mel Stottlemyre outpitched the fiery Cardinal, righthander Bob Gibson. But Gibby struck out nine in his eight-inning stint. And that arm of his, together with Gibson's flaming competitive temperament, were going to be bad news for New York.

In Game 3 the Yankees showed a flash of their old power when Mickey Mantle blasted knuckleball reliever Barney Schultz's first pitch over the fence in the ninth inning to break up a 1-1 tie. But Mickey, who had turned 32, had been having trouble with his legs all season, particularly in the field. And in Game 4 Mantle's wheels betrayed him. Twice he was thrown out on the basepaths; those two potential runs might have saved a game that the Yanks lost 4-3.

After the teams had split the first four games, Gibson stopped Stottlemyre and New York, 5-2 in 10 innings in Game 5, adding 13 strikeouts in the process. That made 22 K's in just 18 innings, all of them fired in anger. For when Gibby took the mound, every man on the other team became his enemy. "Bob wasn't just unfriendly when he pitched," said one admirer. "I'd say more like hateful."



Bad wheels and all, Mickey slugged in '64...but Gibby set down the Yanks with 31 K's.



Sports Illustrated/Fred Kazian

AP/Wide World

Sports Illustrated/Marvin E. Newman



Stockman leads the President's pragmatists

ued declines in the deficit. According to projections by the Office of Management and Budget, G.N.P. growth will average about 4% a year for the rest of the decade, and that will help reduce the budget gap to \$139.3 billion by 1989. If that happens, the deficit will drop from 6.1% of the G.N.P. last year to only 2.6% in 1989.

Most mainstream economists, however, remain convinced that the budget dilemma will not go away. "At some point down the road, these deficits are going to haunt us," says Kenneth Mayland, chief economist of the First Pennsylvania Bank. As the economy expands, rising loan demands by businesses will collide with Government borrowing. The eventual result, says Economist Henry Kaufman, a partner in the Salomon Brothers investment house, could be "an explosion in interest rates." If rates rise, federal borrowing costs will go up and so will the deficit. Thus, many economists argue, large deficits and high interest rates feed each other in a self-perpetuating cycle.

The nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office predicts that unless Congress acts to narrow it, the budget gap will widen steadily, reaching \$263 billion in 1989. By that time, the national debt would hit \$2.5 trillion. The annual interest bill on that debt, says the CBO, could amount to \$214 billion and absorb 16% of all Government spending, up from 11% in 1983.

As bad as that outlook sounds, it may be overly optimistic. The CBO made the questionable assumption that no recession would occur for the rest of the decade. History shows, however, that over the past century the economy has suffered a downturn every four years on average, and few economists believe that the business cycle has been repealed. A survey conducted last month by the National Association of Business Economists revealed that 95% of the members polled expect a recession to strike by 1986 at the latest. When asked what would be the causes of the downturn, 79% of the NABE economists blamed high interest rates and 71% cited large federal deficits.

A recession would reduce Government tax revenues and boost spending for such programs as unemployment insurance and food stamps. As a result, the deficit would grow worse than it already is. Chase Econometrics, a consulting firm in Bala Cynwyd, Pa., estimates that even a brief, six-month recession would increase the budget shortfall to \$300 billion.

Many economists think that the only thing currently saving the economy from a crunch is the capital flowing in from abroad. Lured by the lofty interest rates and attractive business opportunities available in the U.S., foreigners are pouring about \$100 billion this year into American investments, including bank accounts, stocks, bonds and Treasury securities. Without that influx, U.S. interest rates would be even higher. Says Martin Feldstein, a Harvard professor who served for two years as Reagan's chief economic adviser: "Al-



Regan may recommend a "modified flat tax"

though no one knows when the capital from abroad is going to dry up, the U.S. should not continue to live on borrowed time."

While most economists agree that the deficit is a threat, there is no consensus on how to slash it. Many, including conservatives like Feldstein as well as liberals like Alice Rivlin of the Brookings Institution, believe that tax increases are unavoidable. Others, like Allan Meltzer of Carnegie-Mellon University and David Meiselman of Virginia Polytechnic, think that the emphasis should be on reductions in spending. In the NABE survey, economists were almost evenly split on the issue: 42% said that the deficit should be pared solely through spending cuts, while 41% supported some form of tax increase or reform.

A similar rift has long prevailed within the inner councils of the Reagan Administration. The Administration's supply-siders, led by Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, have consistently urged the President to oppose income tax hikes. Another faction, known

as the "pragmatists" and led by Budget Director David Stockman, has counseled Reagan to keep open all options, including a tax increase. The pragmatists fear that the strength of the economy may convince the President that the supply-siders are right. Says one Administration official: "The President is going to be awfully tempted to believe this fairy tale about the deficit going away."

Treasury Secretary Regan floated a proposal last week that may form the basis of a compromise between supply-siders and pragmatists, and between Democrats and Republicans in Congress. He said that if Reagan wins reelection, the Treasury might recommend that the President push during his second term for a "modified flat tax" plan similar to proposals now percolating in Congress. Under such a scheme, the top tax rate for high-income people would drop from 50% to 35% or less, and most Americans would pay a low flat rate of perhaps 14%. At the same time, many deductions and loopholes would be eliminated, so that the total amount of income subject to tax would sharply increase. In that way, Congress could reduce tax rates and thus encourage investment and growth, while simultaneously raising revenue by sweeping away unproductive tax shelters.

Advocating a flat-tax plan would let Reagan have it both ways. The President could claim he was standing by his pledge to lower taxes. He could also say he was using tax reform to trim the budget deficit. It would be a bold strategy and one that might be fiercely opposed by taxpayers and special-interest groups who benefit from loopholes. But nothing less than a master stroke can ensure that the U.S. economy will not be overwhelmed by the mushrooming federal debt.

—By Charles P. Alexander.  
Reported by Bernard Baumohl/New York and  
Christopher Redman/Washington



Roberts says fast growth will stop the red ink

## Another Jolt from the Bankers

Continental's rival, First Chicago, discloses a huge loss

When Chicago's Continental Illinois collapsed last July into the arms of federal rescuers, moneymen across the country began nervously worrying about problem loans at other big banks. But they at least could take heart in the fitness of banks like Continental's archrival, First Chicago (assets: \$40.5 billion). Located just three blocks from Continental in the downtown financial district, First Chicago seemed like a monument of strength. While many other big banks were posting shaky profits, it announced in July a second-quarter earnings gain of 23% over 1983. Last week, however, First Chicago made a stunning disclosure that stirred new concerns about the soundness of the U.S. banking industry. Chairman Barry Sullivan stated that First Chicago will write off \$279 million in bad loans during the third quarter for an overall loss of up to \$74 million.

Sullivan defended the huge write-off as a "one-time event" to cleanse its books, and there was little evidence that the bank's losses would continue. Said New York City Analyst Raphael Soifer, a member of the Brown Brothers Harriman banking firm: "There is no reason for panic. First Chicago has a problem, but it's solvable." Still, investors and depositors could not help being startled. Experts had assumed that the economic recovery would already have eased the problem of bad loans. But First Chicago's setback from lending in energy and agriculture demonstrates that some industries lag behind. Said a Chicago financial-industry analyst: "This shows



**FIRST CHICAGO**  
The First National Bank of Chicago  
Sullivan making last week's announcement  
"There is no time bomb ticking away."

how fragile the banking situation is." First Chicago took its write-off at the urging of examiners from the Comptroller of the Currency's office. The federal regulators who monitor banks and thrifts are under increasing pressure from congressional legislators who believe the watchdogs have been sleeping on the job. In August, the country's largest savings and loan company, Financial Corp. of Ameri-

ca, required emergency federal loans after it was weakened by an unfettered growth program.

Critics in Congress continue to question the regulators' handling of the Continental bailout. Last week Rhode Island Democrat Fernand St. Germain, chairman of the House Banking Committee, charged that federal regulators had drummed up support for the bailout by exaggerating the number of banks that would have fallen in a domino effect if Continental had been allowed to fail. As a result of congressional pressure to avoid such rescues, bankers believe First Chicago, because of its fundamental soundness, presented an opportunity for the Comptroller to clamp down without causing a widespread scare.

First Chicago officers pointed out that in order to avoid dragging out the problems, they wrote off even more loans than regulators had suggested. William Isaac, chairman of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., praised First Chicago's action. "The bank's bitten the bullet," he said, "and they should be commended."

On the day of First Chicago's announcement, Sullivan launched a campaign to forestall any potential crisis of confidence. He and Bank President Richard Thomas phoned officers of the country's 20 biggest banks to give them advance warning of the decision. Then the chairman flew to New York City, where he answered questions from a group of securities analysts. Said he: "There is no time bomb ticking away in First Chicago. We have nothing to hide." No one in attendance, however, could keep from wondering where the next bank with shaky loans will surface.

—By Stephen Koepf  
Reported by J. Madeline Nash/Chicago and Raji Sanghadi/New York

## Baseball's Wild Cards

As most grownups remember them, baseball cards were icons of wholesomeness and tradition. The cardboard heroes flashed all-American smiles and nearly always posed hitting, pitching or fielding. But now a touch of flamboyance is stealing into the baseball-card business (estimated sales: \$45 million). While most cards retain the classic style, a few of the new designs might be enough to make Cubs Announcer Harry Caray blurt his famous "Holy cow!"

Fleer Corp., of Philadelphia, one of the three heavy-hitting companies in the business, sells a card picturing Glenn Hubbard, animal-loving second baseman for the Braves, with a giant python draped across his shoulders. Donruss Co., of Memphis, has issued a card honoring the San Diego Chicken, former mascot of the Padres, complete with a bio on the back that tells when the big bird was hatched: April 9, 1974.



A 1952 reprint, left; Hubbard and snake; the San Diego Chicken

Baseball cards were first sold in cigarette packs in the 1880s and with bubble gum beginning in 1933. They began drawing more fans in 1981, when Fleer and Donruss started issuing cards to challenge Topps Cheating Gum Inc., of Brooklyn, the biggest manufacturer. Card production among the companies has zoomed like a pop fly, from an estimated 500 million a year in the late 1970s to 1.5 billion this year.

The competition has made cards a better bargain for its primary audience, boys ages 6 to 14. Each company offers a pack that costs 30¢ and contains 15 full-color cards plus a bonus.

Fleer throws in a team-logo sticker, and Donruss gives pieces to a baseball puzzle. Only tradition-minded Topps, which also refrains from picturing players in off-beat poses, still includes bubble gum.

Of the estimated 200,000 serious collectors, many are adults who sell and trade the cards like rare stamps. For them, Topps has issued a 402-card reprint of its most famous set, circa 1952. Today an original set fetches about \$7,500. The reprints, however, sell for \$39.95.



# GE TAKES THE KITCHEN RADIO TO NEW HEIGHTS.



## INTRODUCING THE GE SPACEMAKER® RADIO.

The GE Spacemaker Kitchen Companion Radio mounts right under your kitchen cabinet. So you can listen to bright, clear AM or FM radio without giving up an inch of kitchen counter space. And without adding to your kitchen chores, because its "touch pad" controls are easy to use, better yet, easy to clean.

### It helps with the cooking, too.

The Spacemaker Radio is more than just an entertaining addition to your kitchen. It also lends a hand with the work.

With a programmable timed appliance outlet that lets you control kitchen appliances even when you're not in the kitchen. So now your coffee can be ready when you are. And it even has a countdown timer that helps with your cooking and baking.

### It's never in the way.

Best of all—it's always out of the way. Mounted simply and neatly under your cabinet, it proves that your love of music needn't interfere with the joy of cooking.

We bring good things to life.





Too much of a good thing: workers bringing in the harvest at a winery in Sonoma County

## California's Grape Depression

*With sales losing their sparkle, vintners are awash in wine*

This fall's California grape harvest was a race against the sun. Unseasonable heat of up to 105° threatened to ripen the fruit too quickly and spoil it for winemaking. But as the last bunches of plump red and golden grapes were dumped safely into crushers last week, growers and vintners were in no mood to raise their goblets to Bacchus. Because of a worldwide glut of wine, this year's harvest of nearly 2 million tons of grapes will be far more than needed. "We are in a hell of a bind here," says Earl Rocca, a grower near Fresno. "We're in a grape depression." While consumers are savoring the lowest wine prices in years, some growers are being pushed close to bankruptcy.

During the 1970s, the California wine boom seemed like a party that would never end. In the past ten years, growers boosted wine-grape acreage by 26%, to 363,000. Nearly 100 new wineries took root between 1978 and 1982 in the Napa Valley and adjoining Sonoma County. But sales, which had grown by an average 6% annually during the 1970s, suddenly flattened in 1982 at about 360 million gal., and have grown only marginally since then. Growers who planted their vines in anticipation of blossoming demand are finding a market that has shriveled like a raisin. Thompson seedless grapes, a basic variety that fetched \$200 per ton in 1981, now sell for as low as \$50. For many farmers, such prices are far below the cost of growing the grapes.

White sales of higher-priced varietal wines, named after specific grapes like the Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Noir, remain strong, low-cost generic labels, the Burgundies and Chablis produced by such vintners as Inglenook and Almadén, have fallen off. The price of a gallon jug of domestic wine sold in food stores has been cut in half since 1981, to about \$3. Meanwhile, foreign vintners have flooded the U.S. Helped by a strong dollar that has

made their wines cheaper for American buyers, foreigners boosted their share of the American market this year to more than 25%, up from 13% in 1975. Italy, the biggest seller to the U.S., uncorked the low-price segment with fruity, fizzy Lambruscos like Riunite and dry soaves like Folanari. Italy's shipments increased from 3.7 million gal. in 1970 to 69 million last year.

Underlying the problems of California's vintners is the general stagnation in U.S. wine sales. Says Ann Clurman, a social-trends researcher for Yankelovich, Skelly & White: "Wine has lost its status somewhat." The fetish for fitness, along with increased minimum drinking ages and stiffer drunk-driving laws, has stalled U.S. adult per capita wine consumption at about 2.2 gal. annually.

This temperance trend has produced another new competitor called the wine cooler, which combines fruit juice, carbonated water and wine in a drink that is only about 6% alcohol, roughly half as much as traditional vintages. First concocted in 1981 by a Coors beer distributor, the beverage is available in at least 27 brands. Among West Coast producers, California Cooler, the leading firm, ranks just behind the traditional wineries of E. & J. Gallo, Seagram and Almadén in sales.

To recoup profits, some California vintners are stepping up production of premium wines that cost at least \$7 a bottle. At the same time, they are trying to broaden their market to reach the estimated 130 million U.S. adults who do not drink wine. Last week the winemakers could at least take consolation from the misfortunes of one of their rivals. A plague of rain and clouds afflicted growers in France as they neared harvest time, portending an undistinguished crop. —By Stephen Koeppe.

Reported by Mark D. Smith/San Francisco

## Sleep Capsules

*More ZZZZZs for less \$\$\$\$\$s*

Procrustes, a character in Greek mythology, stretched or lopped the limbs off unsuspecting wayfarers to make them fit the bed in his lair. Texas Businessman Charles McLaren, 40, has an only slightly less ingenious plan for solving housing problems. His proposal: the sleeping module, or MAC-1 (for mini-accommodation center), a 4-ft. by 4-ft. by 8-ft. plastic capsule fitted out like a miniature hotel room.

The concept of the sleeping module came from Japan, where 100 budget-price "capsule hotels" have become popular among thrifty business travelers and other customers since they were first introduced in 1979. The MAC-1 is spacious enough for Western frames and comes with extras not available on the more spartan Japanese models. The basic module, made of plastic lined with fire-resistant foam, costs \$2,500 and comes with a twin-size foam mattress, overhead light and climate-control unit. More lavishly equipped versions, costing up to \$3,900 each, feature color TV, radio, telephone, tape deck and hot-drink dispenser. Despite design improvements, McLaren concedes, it may be some time before Americans awaken to the benefits of capsule accommodation. So he plans to cater to a captive market: overcrowded prisons, where a rapid expansion of facilities has been ordered by the courts. MAC-1 systems, claims McLaren, will cost about \$8,500 an inmate, compared with as much as \$60,000 a prisoner for conventional cells.

McLaren also has hopes of selling MACs to government agencies, where potential applications include military field camps, ship and submarine bunks, disaster relief shelters and space stations. Eventually, he plans to try marketing capsules for use in college dorms, truck stops, airports and even ski resorts. He explains, "You go to Vail to ski, not pay \$120 a night to sleep in a king-size bed. If you stay in a module for even \$30 a night, you have a lot left over for ski tickets."



McLaren and his mini-hotel rooms

*Popular in Japan with thrifty travelers.*



ARE

20

rinkles

INHERITED?

**S**ome wrinkles are genetically programmed to appear at a certain point in our life. Some aren't.

If you're fair skinned (like Celtic, Northern European, or Scandinavian people), you've inherited a tendency to wrinkle earlier than darker skinned people (African, Latin), who produce more protective melanin, which filters damaging sun rays.

*Wrinkles, like crow's feet, laugh lines, or real furrows, are the result of collagen and elastin breakdown deep in the dermis, way below the skin's surface. And although costly collagen or silicone implants, dermabrasion, or face lifts get rid of wrinkles temporarily, the wrinkles return.*

Despite what you've heard, topically applied formulas containing collagen, elastin, or Jojoba are unable to penetrate into the dermis. Therefore, they're unable to build back what has already broken down.

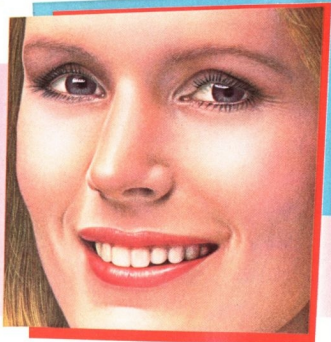
**H**owever, some wrinkles begin as tiny dry lines. And before they have a chance to deepen into age-revealing creases, they can be cared for with a beautifully balanced beauty fluid that is truly compatible with your skin. Oil of Olay.<sup>®</sup>

Because Oil of Olay is so remarkably similar to your skin's natural fluids, it's easily absorbed by the skin.

WRINKLES



LINES



By easing dryness, Oil of Olay discourages tiny dry lines, making them less visible. And because the greaseless fluids in Oil of Olay are so much like those abundant in soft, supple young skin, Oil of Olay helps revive your skin's youthful resilience. Making it more pliable, so it's better able to withstand the drying assaults of the elements or constant creasing from repetitious facial habits.

Learn a secret shared by women around the world. Oil of Olay. Because what you do with your skin each today decides how young it will look tomorrow.

**N**o matter what kind of skin you've inherited, skin that looks younger longer can be part of your legacy.

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Panasonic introduces the VHS™ Video System with true Hi-Fi sound. Everything you'll ever really need to record movies. Specials. And all life's magic moments. Indoors. Outdoors. Now. And years from now.

Take a look. This stereo video camera. Stereo Hi-Fi video recorder. And stereo color TV. All have the technology to be here today. And here tomorrow.

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## No other system puts more time on your side.

A lot of video recorders that are small and light are also light on recording time. This Panasonic PV-9600 puts more time on your side.

Outside. You can record for over an hour and a half on a single charge of its rechargeable battery. Inside. Simply slide the recorder onto its compact tuner-timer. And now you can record up to eight hours of TV on a single cassette. Or program it. And



# good enough to be your last?

record up to eight of your favorite shows. Over a two-week period. Whether you're home or away.

And whether it's a high-stepping pro halfback. Or your child's first steps. You'll enjoy watching them even more with special effects like slow motion and stop motion. And every motion will be clear and jitter-free. Thanks to Tech-4™ playback technology.

## VHS Hi-Fi. For sound beyond stereo.

Experience sound conventional stereo alone could never give you. Just connect the Panasonic PV-9600 to your stereo system. Put in a prerecorded VHS Hi-Fi cassette. And movies or musical performances come alive. With a sound presence that actually feels like you're front row center.

## CompuFocus™ with Data-Grade. For the picture of the future.

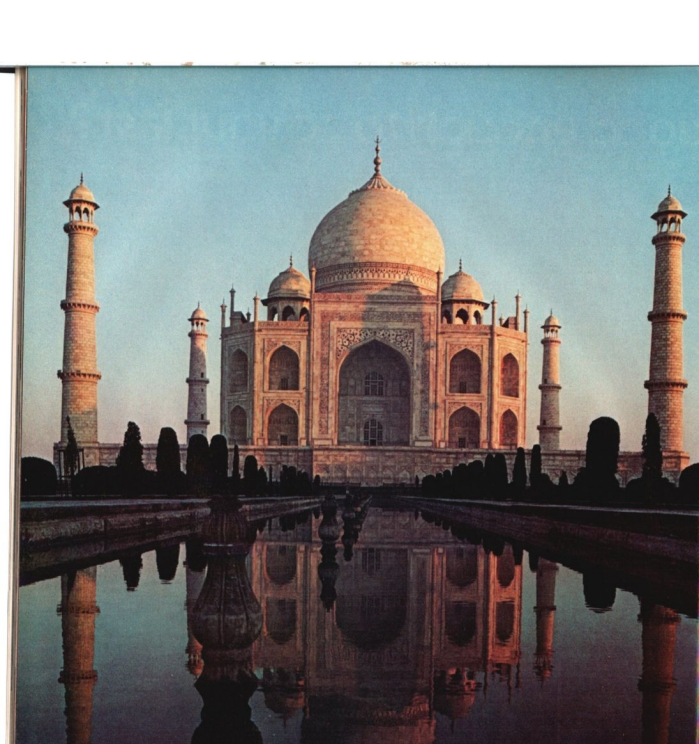
CompuFocus is an advanced system of video optics and electronics. The Data-Grade picture tube produces more dots per square inch than ordinary TV. Together, they give our CTF-2077R color TV an incredibly precise picture. Ready for all the new technologies. From computers. To teletext. To videotex. And beyond.

And when the television networks are ready to broadcast in stereo sound. You'll be all set to listen. Because this color TV has its own integrated decoder, amplifier, and stereo speakers.

So tune in. To the new VHS Video System from Panasonic. Because your first video system should be good enough to be your last. TV picture simulated.



**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time.



When Shah Jehan saw the contractor's bid, did he say  
"Make the pool a little smaller"?

Cutting corners is unthinkable when creating a masterpiece. This is a principle we keep in mind during the twelve long years it takes to create Johnnie Walker Black Label. It has every right to be expensive.



## Economy & Business



A busy selling Saturday, as one of 88 salespeople discusses a pump with a customer

### How Reyers Stays a Step Ahead

Luring thousands of customers to a shoe store in Sharon, Pa.

Another sale looms at Reyers Shoe Store in Sharon, Pa., and that is a little like saying another leaf is falling from another tree in autumn. Reyers has sales almost constantly. Next week, for example, is the fall sale. There are more sales before Thanksgiving and before Christmas. Finally comes the January clearance, in which everything that did not get sold in the previous sales goes on sale.

These price-cutting binges are a sign not of desperation but of acutely smart merchandising. Though Sharon is an old steel town, with a population of just 19,057 in a county with an unemployment rate of 13%, Reyers has grown to become one of the largest independent shoe stores in the U.S. It draws 1,000 to 3,000 customers a day, some coming from Pittsburgh and Cleveland, 75 miles away. This year, its 99th, it will record annual sales of \$6 million to \$8 million (vs. \$355,000 for the average shoe retailer).

Reyers advertises heavily, spending about \$130,000 a year on television, radio, newspapers and coupons. But its success is due mainly to its enormous inventory: 125,000 pairs of shoes, ranging from Hush Puppies and Thom McAn to Bally and Anne Klein, and 376 styles of athletic shoes. The store stocks 150 patterns in men's size 13AA alone, and women's sizes run from 3 to 13 in eleven widths from AAAA to EEE. Such selection, plus enthusiastic salespeople, generates intense customer loyalty. So far this year, Cecelia Veal has made three trips to Reyers from Akron, 65 miles away, each time buying three pairs of shoes. Says she: "I'm a shoe freak. I love it here."

This shoe supermarket is the creation of Harry Jubelirer, 65. He and his father, a shoe-store owner, went into business together in Homestead, Pa., after World War II. The younger Jubelirer was so

laced up in the shoe business that he and his wife Natalie spent their honeymoon in Puerto Rico visiting shoe stores. In January 1954, the father and son bought Reyers, which had operated profitably in Sharon since 1885. Jubelirer bought more fashionable shoes and later quadrupled floor space, a risky move because Sharon's downtown was already on the verge of decline. "I was scared to death," Jubelirer recalls. "I figured I had to do \$70,000 more in sales, or I had made a terrible mistake."

Despite its fast growth, Reyers still manages to keep service on a personal level, even on Saturdays, when the store is chaotic. Customers select styles from shoes on display, but then one of Reyers' 88 salespeople is there to help with the fitting. One of them is Larry Joltin, 41, the hottest shoe salesman in America. Joltin sells nearly \$500,000 worth of men's shoes a year, roughly a pair every 15 minutes. In 1982, he walked away with the National Shoe Retailers Association award. His \$424,848 worth of sales put him so far ahead of everyone else that the contest has not been held since. Like the rest of the sales staff, Joltin does not work on commission but shares in the store's profits.

Last week Reyers was expanding again, opening a new boot store around the corner with six to eight employees. Though Jubelirer is gradually turning operations over to his sons Mark, 31, and Steven, 28, he still worries about every move. Says he: "I have to buy heel heights, colors and styles long in advance of the season, and be at the fashion whim of customers. The odds are stacked against me. Every season is a gamble. Sometimes I think my money would be better in CDs." There is a pause, and the truth emerges. "But I love shoes."

—By John S. DeMott.  
Reported by Rosemary Byrnes/Sharon

### Extinguished

Gillette puts out its Cricket

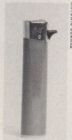
It was one of the hottest marketing battles of recent years. On one side was Gillette's inexpensive Cricket lighter (price: about 70¢), which could be used for months and then thrown away. On the other was Bic's equally disposable model (69¢), famed for the slogan "Flick my Bic!" But after more than a decade of struggling, Gillette last week conceded defeat. The Boston-based company said it planned to sell its Cricket line to Swedish Match, a leading European lighter maker. "Gillette hasn't succeeded in the sale of Crickets for years," said Jeffrey Ashenberg, an analyst for the New York City investment firm of L.F. Rothschild, Unterberg, Towbin. "Obviously it's decided, 'Enough.'"

In addition to being slightly cheaper, the Bic version was perceived as better by many customers. Among its advantages: an oval shape that buyers seemed to find more comfortable to use than the rounder form of the Cricket. Such preferences helped boost the Bic model last year to an estimated 53% share of the \$325 million U.S. market for disposable lighters, vs. Cricket's 16%. Gillette was third in the race behind Scripto, which accounted for 24% of 1983 sales.

The lighter defeat was a bitter one for Gillette, which introduced its butane-fueled throwaway in 1972 and used a bright Jimmy Cricket-like creature as the product's symbol. But Bic, the American subsidiary of France's Soci t  Bic, jumped into the market the following year and quickly pulled ahead. Bic's version has been gaining ground since the mid-1970s.

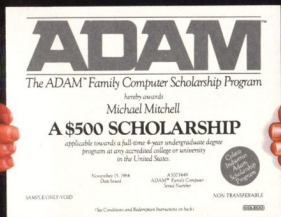
While dropping the Cricket may wound Gillette's pride, it should have little financial impact on the company. Sales of the lighter amounted to only \$42 million last year, or about 2% of Gillette's total revenues of \$2.2 billion. The disposal of the line, moreover, will relieve the firm of a drain on earnings.

Even though Bic has beaten Gillette in the lighter skirmish, the battle between the two companies will rage on. The firms are equally fierce competitors in the throwaway pen and razor markets. While Bic's pen outsells Gillette's Write Bros. model, the Gillette twin-blade disposable Good News shaver holds an edge over the Bic single-blade entry. Gillette is also the leading producer of blades and razors in the U.S. and Canada and most of the rest of the world. In the bathroom battle at least, the American company continues to clean up. ■

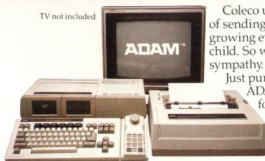


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## Business Notes

### DIRECTORS

### The Chrysler Board's Union Label

Chrysler last week named Owen Bieber, president of the United Auto Workers, to its board of directors. That made Bieber the second auto-union chief to serve as a Chrysler director and one of the few labor representatives anywhere to sit on the board of a major U.S. corporation.

Bieber was preceded as a Chrysler director by Douglas Fraser, who retired from the U.A.W. presidency last May. Fraser joined the board when Chrysler needed financial help from the union and soon hit it off with Chairman Lee Iacocca. Iacocca wanted Fraser to stay on as a director after his term ran out; Fraser contended that the seat belonged to the U.A.W., not to him. In contrast, Bieber and Iacocca's relationship was strained when contract negotiations with Chrysler broke down last summer. The two have since warmed a bit toward each other, but it might not last. Bieber wants Chrysler to reopen its U.A.W. contract, which does not expire until October 1985, so that the major automakers can be put back on the same bargaining timetable. Iacocca has opposed that idea.

### TRANSPORTATION

### A Wing and a Prayer

Few companies were buffeted harder by the last recession than makers of that premier symbol of executive prestige and power, the corporate jet. Last week the still struggling manufacturers gathered in Atlanta to display their latest efforts to potential buyers. On view among the 415 exhibits at the National Business Aircraft Association Convention, the industry's biggest trade show, were aircraft ranging from a luxurious \$3.6 million helicopter to superlight planes made of titanium and graphite-epoxy composites. Multinational companies were attracted to the Falcon 900 (price: \$13.5 million), a 27-seat craft introduced last month and capable of flying from New York to Tokyo with just one stop. High-rolling investment bankers liked the Gulfstream IV 19-passenger twin jet (also \$13.5 million), with video screens at every seat and a computerized flight deck that an airline captain might envy.

For all the rattle-dazzle, the mood of the meeting was little more than mildly optimistic. From a peak of \$2.9 billion in 1981, sales of business aircraft tumbled to \$1.5 billion last year. Manufacturers expect them to edge up to \$1.7 billion or more in 1984. While that remains low by past high-flying standards, it suggests that the industry is pulling out of its nosedive.

### IMPORTS

### One More for the Road

With a name like Yugo 55, it sounds less like a car than a surrealistic foreign film. But Entrepreneur Malcolm Bricklin believes the tiny Yugoslavian vehicle, whose name plate reflects its nationality and horsepower, will appeal to frugal American car buyers. Next spring Bricklin will begin importing 35,000 Yugos into the U.S. The four-passenger, front-wheel-drive auto will carry a \$3,990 sticker price that will make it the cheapest new car on the U.S. market. Says Bricklin, 45, a New York City businessman who introduced the

first Japanese Subaru to the U.S. in 1968 but crashed during the mid-1970s when he built a gull-winged sports car that bore his name: "The Yugo will be like a 19¢ hamburger with meat."

Bricklin is pointing his latest venture at the same bargain-minded crowd that snapped up the Volkswagen Beetle in the 1960s. At 11 ft. 5½ in. in length, the Yugo is 3½ in. shorter than the Japanese-built Chevrolet Sprint, currently the smallest new car available in the U.S., and will cost \$1,161 less. Likely customers: students and families who might otherwise buy a used car.



Bricklin shows off the Yugo 55

### EMPLOYEE RELATIONS

### All Aboard for Racine

Samuel C. Johnson, the fatherly chairman of Johnson Wax, wants his employees to be happy, all 12,000 of them. Says he: "They're part of a global family." Thus he was dismayed on a trip last June to a subsidiary in Frimley Green, England, to discover that the 520 workers there felt like stepchildren. Johnson's solution: invite them all to the company headquarters in Racine, Wis., for a morale-boosting party.

So instead of going to work last week, 480 of the British employees got aboard a 747. During their 2½-day visit to the medium-size city (pop. 82,000), they toured the Waxdale complex, where Johnson makes household products ranging from Pledge furniture polish to Agree shampoo. In the Wisconsin tradition, the visitors were wine and dined on beer and bratwurst at picnic outings in the company park and in the homes of Johnson Wax employees. Said Jeff Simmons, a warehouse manager: "It's one of the greatest things that has ever happened to me. Now I feel more like part of the company." The Britons then flew east for a two-day tour of New York City before returning home. Estimated cost of the family reunion: in excess of \$500,000.

### ADVERTISING

### Playing to a Trapped Audience

As many talkative cab drivers know, customers have little choice but to hear them out. Now Madison Avenue is aiming its pitch at the same backseat captives. When they step into New York City taxis these days, passengers may find themselves facing electronic signboards that tout everything from beer to Broadway shows. The computerized messages march in inch-high letters across the boards, which are set atop a glass partition between driver and rider. Each 10-sec. plug is part of a cycle that includes public service notices and trivia questions for variety, and repeats itself every four minutes.

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Madison Avenue on wheels



A shrunken head from the Mundurucu tribe in Brazil is still intimidating



Nolde's *Still Life of Masks* bears the influence of primal sculpture

## Art

### Return of the Native

*The Museum of Modern Art traces the sources of primitivism*

Of all the questions posed by modern art, none are more intriguing than what it took, and why, from tribal culture. From Matisse structuring his *Blue Nude* of 1907 along the lines of African carving, to Robert Smithson emulating the vast projects of South American archaeology in his *Spiral Jetty* in Utah 63 years later, the list of "borrowings" is as long and as old as modernism itself. After 1850, the cultures of Africa and Oceania, dissolving under the acids of colonialism, released their myriad fragments—masks, figures, totems, bark cloths, tools, weapons, canoes, ceremonial furniture—into the absorptive West. After 1900, very few major painters or sculptors in Europe or America were untouched by the primitive. Different movements had different agenda: the fauves and cubists, for instance, liked African art, whereas the surrealists annexed the Pacific from New Guinea to Easter Island (myopically ignoring Australia), while the expressionists like Emil Nolde, children of Thanatos, went for mummies and shrunken heads. Such affinities obviously matter, not only to art history but to the broader scope of Western social fantasies. So why and how did they arise?

One would expect such an issue to have been studied to exhaustion. In fact, it has barely been touched. The best text

available on it in English, up to now, was published more than 40 years ago by the American art historian Robert Goldwater. Hence the extreme interest of the show that kicks off the Museum of Modern Art's 1984-85 season, "Primitivism" in 20th Century Art: Affinity of the Tribal and the Modern." (Primitivism, for MOMA's purposes, means the use Western artists made of tribal works; it does not denote the art itself, which, from "ethnic art" to the disastrous French "art nègre," is bedeviled by a whole vocabulary of more or less racist condescension.) The exhibition is large, though not exhausting—218 tribal objects from Africa,

North America and the Pacific playing counterpoint to 147 modern ones. In organizing the show, MOMA's director of painting and sculpture, William Rubin, has set out to unravel a knotty subject by bringing all the resources of current scholarship to bear on it while still leaving the viewer exhilarated by the beauty and intensity of the works. About four years in preparation, the exhibition is the cap of Rubin's career—one which, in recent years, produced MOMA's great shows of Picasso and late Cézanne. It involved close detective work in ferreting out not just the general kinds of tribal objects artists were looking at but, in many cases, the art itself; and its catalog, written by a strong team of art historians headed by Rubin and Kirk Varnedoe, is detailed and readable, opening a new phase in the study of its subject.

Europe had been interested in tribal culture—particularly that of the Pacific,

epitomized by Tahiti, notional abode of the Noble Savage in a harmonious state of nature—since at least the 18th century.

But it was one thing to draw Polynesian temples or the megaliths of Easter Island, as the Georgian William Hodges or Sydney Parkinson did, and quite another to imitate primitive styles as though their artists were as worthy of homage as Raphael or Ingres, which modernism did. The transition from one to another began with Paul Gauguin.

Gauguin's stay in Tahiti and the Marquesas from 1891 to 1903 is by now one of the soap operas of art history. Yet the curious fact, as Varnedoe points out in a brilliant catalog

Guinean mask, Baga tribe



Picasso's *Bust of a Woman*, 1931





essay, was that Polynesian art made virtually no impact on his painting; all its primitive elements—the flatness, the sinuous friezelike poses, the outlining—were either there already or deduced from photographs of Javanese, Cambodian and other Oriental material that he took with him. (One should not forget that in the 1880s, Frenchmen were still talking about Japanese art as *art primitif*.) When he did quote Tahitian art, Gauguin played fast and loose with it, basing (in *There Is the Marae*, 1892) a Tahitian fence on the design of a tiny Marquesan earplug. In his Tahiti, primitivism was cousin to Baudelaire's paganism and Delacroix's orientalism—a celebration of what Gauguin called "un certain luxe barbare d'autrefois" (a certain barbaric luxury of older times). It rested on sensuality and nostalgia. It was Paradise Deprived.

Gauguin talked and wrote incessantly about being a primitive man—a condition he identified with that of an artist, a mind instinctively coupled to spirits, ancestors and myths. This defined his importance to modernist primitivism. But his work treated tribalism as spectacle, like the imported "native" villages and trophy walls featured in French colonial exhibitions. From the 1880s onward, there was certainly no lack of African and Oceanic tribal art on public view. There was also plenty to be bought—though much of it, including some of the masks and figures that influenced Derain, Matisse and Picasso, was poor stuff made, even then, in Africa for the souvenir-and-curio market. So why did the avant-garde not start imitating it before about 1905?

The reason, Rubin argues, was that modernism used primitivism when it needed to, and not before. A Fang mask or a Kota funerary effigy would have been useless to an impressionist, whose ambition was to render perceptual reality as faithfully as possible. But the drift of fauvism and especially cubism was toward the conceptual: and here the idea of representing, say, a face as a flat plane with knoblike eyes and a cylindrical funnel of a mouth was infinitely suggestive. Certainly it was convenient for Picasso to rejig the human face in terms of bladelike noses and scarification lines, à l'Africaine. But cubism was not, as has naively been said in the past, "set off" by the "discovery" of tribal art; the perception of one reinforced the perception of the other. Sometimes the most striking "family" likenesses appear between works that have no possible connection. A case in point is Russian Constructivist Sculptor Vladimir Baranoff-Rossiné's *Symphony No. 1*, 1913, a figure done in swoops and slats of painted wood that one would swear—if there were not



Bagu bird headdress, Guinea



Baranoff-Rossiné's *Symphony No. 1*



Reliquary figure, Hongwe tribe, Gabon

Brancusi's *Madame L.R.*, 1914-18



clear evidence that he had never seen it—was based on an openwork Baga bird headdress from Guinea in the Musée de l'Homme in Paris.

The African works did not need to be masterpieces of their own style. The face of Matisse's *Portrait of Madame Matisse*, 1913, possibly one of the dozen greatest portraits of the 20th century, was based on a mediocre Fang mask from Gabon. Sometimes, though, a modernist work would take off from an African object of the first rank. Such was the case with Picasso's bronze of Marie-Thérèse Walter, 1931, whose erotically swollen blimp of a nose is based on an effigy he owned of the fertility goddess Nimba from the Baga. The sight of these two sculptures confronting each

other is as much a spectacle of parity as a Rubens beside its prototype, a Titian.

"Everything I need to know about Africa is in these objects," Picasso declared. Neither he nor any of his contemporaries cared much about the social background or specific religious meanings of the work—and probably the more lowbrow avant-gardists, like Maurice de Vlaminck, mentally reduced it all to missionary-stew, bone-in-the-nose cliché. Not even Brancusi, whose borrowings of African motifs were of the most exalted refinement (as in *Madame L.R.*, 1914-18, whose domed "head" comes from a Hongwe reliquary figure), had an "anthropological" interest in his sources. To him they were pure form.

Yet all artists, and Picasso most of all, were enthralled by the associative power of the fetish. The otherness of tribal art was infinitely compelling, and remains so today: practically no Western sculpture in the 20th century has the sheer iconic majesty of the wooden goddess from the Caroline Islands lent to MOMA from Auckland, New Zealand, or the creepy *terribilità* of the British Museum's figure of the Austral Islands' god A'a, one of Picasso's favorites. The main value of primitive art to modernism was not formal but quasi-magical. It gave the artist what academism could not: shamanistic power, a sense of the numinous. Muttering the spell, even in macaronic form, still provoked a delicious shudder of possibility: What if this works? This, in essence, was the purpose underlying the uses made of primitive art by surrealism, expressionism, abstract expressionism and their various sequels. It may be sublimated into anxiety, as in the tautly mysterious early work of Giacometti; or transposed into flyaway humor, as in Klee; or semi-industrialized, as in the fulsome productions of late Dubuffet; or, by a host of minor artists, boorishly rehearsed as a sign of "sincerity." But it never quite goes away—for who wants to face the tedium of a wholly secular culture?

—By Robert Hughes



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## Cinema



Muti and Irons in *Swann in Love*: strangling the will in brocade

### The Adaptation as Antique Show

Two new films replace inner lives with interior decoration

A great novel is concerned primarily with the interior lives of its characters as they respond to the inconvenient narratives that fate imposes on them. Movie adaptations of these monumental fictions often fail because they become mere exercises in interior decoration, searches for the armoire or settee that can serve as the objective correlative for a character's unspoken, perhaps dramatically unspeakable, fears and fancies. One may therefore wish to approach *Swann in Love* or *The Bostonians* undemandingly, almost as one would an antique show, browsing and ruminative but not expecting to make powerful emotional connections with the objects on view. On that level, Volker Schlöndorff's lightly heated rearrangement and compression of approximately one-fifteenth of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* is altogether more beguiling than James Ivory's attenuated version of one of Henry James' liveliest long novels.

Tugging the viewer through the streets and salons of *la Belle Époque* Paris, Schlöndorff offers less a version of Proust than a pictorial comment on him. For Proust the heavily draped and cluttered rooms, the constraints of clothing, language, manners and social ritual were familiar givens, matters for exquisitely observed, morally neutral description. For Schlöndorff they are a malevolent astonishment. If there is a rational explanation for the obsessive, socially destructive love Charles Swann (Jeremy Irons) feels for the courtesan Odette de Crécy (Ornella Muti), it is to be found in these oppressive

surroundings, where the very air breathes of neurasthenic surrender and the will is strangled in brocade. If the screenplay by Peter Brook, Jean-Claude Carrière and Marie-Hélène Estienne omits or hastily vulgarizes Proust's nuanced sensitivity to social gesture and psychological tremor, the film nevertheless suggests a legitimate response to this most daunting of literary material. Well and bravely acted, *Swann in Love* is a mesmerizing, even haunting experiment.

No one will ever be tempted to employ terms like that to describe *The Bostonians*, for Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's screenplay is less a response to its source than a careful college outline of it. There is a certain undiminishable power in the struggle between Basil Ransom (Christopher Reeve), all snaky masculine guile, and Olive Chancellor (Vanessa Redgrave), representing feminism at its most sternly ideological, for the innocent soul of Verena Tarrant. But Ivory's camera behaves like a tourist trapped meekly behind a velvet rope at a historical reconstruction, and most of his actors seem afraid they might damage the nicely chosen antiques the curator has permitted them to perch upon.

The exception is Redgrave. Icy furies move inside this Olive: hatred of men, belief in ideals, repressed lesbian longings. She offers teasing glimpses of them all, but no naked displays. This is a soul under perpetual migraine attack. And a performance one admires all the more because of the barren soil from which it springs. —By Richard Schickel



Redgrave in *The Bostonians*



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## Books

### Men and Women in Love

MR. NOON by D.H. Lawrence; Cambridge; 370 pages; \$24.95

In the early 1920s, D.H. Lawrence wrote, "I place my immortality in the dark sap of life, stream of eternal blood. And as for my mind and spirit—this book, for example, all my books—I toss them out like so much transient tree-blossom and foliated leaves, on to the winds of time." A funny thing happened next. The winds of time caught these words and much of the novel in which they appear and blew them into hiding for roughly 50 years. Between the day he abandoned *Mr. Noon* in misadventure in 1922 and his death in 1930, at 44, Lawrence seems to have forgotten about the book. An opening section of the novel was included in a posthumous collection of stories called *A Modern Lover* (1934). But the remainder, twice as long, was presumed lost until it resurfaced from a private collection during the 1970s.

Here at last is the whole book (albeit unfinished), its disparate parts meticulously edited and annotated by Professor Lindeth Vasey of the University of Texas at Austin. The prospect of new words from their master has already excited legions of Lawrenceans. It will not matter to them that *Mr. Noon* is not very good. Lawrence's reputation is now so haloed, his volatile life so mythologized, that anything he wrote is bound to command reverence or, at the very least, curiosity. Even those who dislike his work cannot, if they profess interest in 20th century tastes and ideas, afford to ignore him.

Unfortunately, the previously published Part I of *Mr. Noon* positively begs to be dismissed; Lawrence's ability to make a short story long is truly stunning. Gilbert Noon, a dour mathematics teacher in his mid-20s, may or may not have got a local Midlands lass in a family way. The truth, after 90 pages of meandering prose, remains unclear, at which point even the author grows bored with his characters: "Let them go to hell." But the newly unveiled Part II displays a significant change: Gilbert Noon is now studying for a doctorate in Munich and, more important, he has become a fictional surrogate of D.H. Lawrence.

In the story that unfolds, the author looks back nearly ten years to the time (1912) when he met and fell in love with Mrs. Frieda Weekley (nee Von Richthofen), wife of a Nottingham professor and mother of three children. Lawrence's decision to run away with her to the Continent profoundly affected his life and career, making him a renegade from



D.H. Lawrence: tossing his books out like tree-blossom

conventional morality in fact as well as temperament. This whole affair has been narrated many times, by the principals and numerous biographers. *Mr. Noon* reveals one more shape that this experience came to assume in Lawrence's memory and imagination.

On the same evening that Noon meets Mrs. Johanna Keighley (nee Von Hebenitz), wife of a doctor in Boston and mother of two sons, she invites him into her bed. The next afternoon she does so again. Writes Lawrence: "I am *not* going to open the door of Johanna's room, not until Mr. Noon opens it himself. I've been caught that way before. I have opened the door for you, and the moment you gave your first squeal in rushed the private detective you had kept in the background." This is a direct reference to the problems of censorship and suppression that had swarmed around *The Rainbow* (1915) and *Women in Love* (1920). Lawrence here and throughout this long fragment seems more interested in the teller than the tale.

That may be because not much actually happens. Gilbert and Johanna mope around Germany while her aristocratic Prussian parents try to persuade them both of their unconscionable folly. Dead ends are followed by standoffs. In the interims, Lawrence chats: "How a *Times* critic dropped on me for using the word *toney*! I'm sure I never knew it wasn't toney any more to say toney." And he preaches, "Let us confess our belief: our deep, our religious belief. The great eternity of creation does not lie in the spirit, in the ideal. It lies in the everlasting and incalculable throb of passion and desire." On their way across the Alps and toward Italy, Johanna has sex with a young man who has temporarily joined their party, just as Frieda did under the same circumstances in 1912. Shortly after this incalculable throb, *Mr. Noon* abruptly ends.

Why did Lawrence quit? Perhaps because he had already used up the fictional possibilities of his union with Frieda in earlier novels, especially *Women in Love*. Also, at the time that he worked fitfully on *Mr. Noon*, Lawrence began to lose his faith in the redemptive power of males and females locked in struggles and sex. His novels of the mid-1920s, *Aaron's Rod* (1922), *Kangaroo* (1923) and *The Plumed Serpent* (1926), veered toward the worship of supermen, blood-consciousness and dark gods. Only in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928), his last novel, did he return to the subject of men and women in love that he had discarded with *Mr. Noon*. Then, throwing caution to the winds, he opened that bedroom door completely and apparently for good.

—By Paul Gray

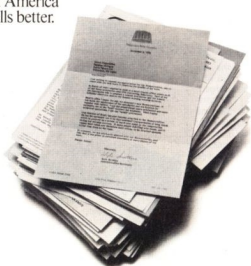
#### Excerpt

“ Ah gentle reader, what have we done! What have we done, that sex, and the sacred, awful communion should have become degraded into a thing of shame, excused only by the accident of procreation, or the perversion of spiritual union. It is no spiritual union. It is the living blood-soul in each being . . . What have we done, that men and women should have so far lost themselves, and lost one another, that marriage has become a mere affair of comradeship, 'pals,' or brother-and-sister business, or spiritual union, or prostitution? ”



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## Books

### Charades

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

by Alison Lurie

Random House; 291 pages; \$15.95

In his preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, Oscar Wilde warned that those who would "go beneath the surface do so at their peril." This is precisely the risk novelists take, though the better ones know that the obvious can hold as much truth as the hidden. Alison Lurie is among the better ones. She has deftly drawn the relationship between outward style and inward character in such novels as *Imaginary Friends* and *Real People*, and in her social history *The Language of Clothes*.

*Foreign Affairs*, Lurie's seventh book of fiction, explores the vocabularies of love and friendship. It is a tale of two citi-



Alison Lurie: between style and character  
The obvious can also hold truth.

zens (U.S.) played out in an alien though strangely familiar land (U.K.). Virginia Miner, "54 years old, small, plain, and unmarried—the sort of person that no one ever notices," has returned to London to research children's rhymes. Fred Turner, 28 and gorgeous, is in town to polish off a book on 18th century Poet-Playwright John Gay.

Readers expecting a sizzling exploitation of the older-woman-younger-man vogue should switch back to *Dynasty*. Fred and "Vinnie" are related by English department only; both teach at a university in upstate New York. Fred's feminist wife Ruth has decided to stay in America. She is a photographer whose work experiments with arty juxtapositions of images such as mushrooms next to an erect penis. The Turners' is a troubled marriage.

Vinnie once had a husband but has adjusted to living alone. A frequent companion is an imaginary mutt that she conjures up in glum moments. This shaggy

symbol of self-pity recently appeared after a critic dismissed her work with the question, "Do we really need a scholarly study of playground doggerel?" The author of the offending article, L.D. Zimmern, turns out to be the father of Fred's estranged wife. The coincidence seems to have been extended as an ironic gratuity signaling solemn readers that *Foreign Affairs* is, despite pathos, sudden death and madness, an adroitly bundled comedy of hits and errors.

The biggest mistake is Fred's. He falls for Lady Rosemary Radley, a blond and creamy television actress whose aristocratic public manner contrasts drastically with Lady R. the private shrew and slob. She is also an alarming example of what can happen when a shaky personality forfeits her identity to celebrity. Fred is, on the other hand, a passive narcissist. He takes his attractiveness for granted, breaks hearts out of thoughtlessness rather than malice, and has developed no antibodies against lovesickness. When Rosemary eventually boots him out of her bed, about all the sympathy one can muster is a facetious "Poor baby."

Vinnie has better luck. Despite a preference for slim, elegant men, she befriends a retired engineer from Tulsa who tours London in Western boots, broad-brim hat and plastic raincoat. The cowboy and the kiddie-lit professor make an odd couple, but they have much to offer each other. She helps him research his ancestry; he proves to be an intelligent observer and, in due course, a sensitive lover.

Fred and Vinnie are two contrasting academics, neither at home in aggressively candid America nor comfortable with the manners and morals of their London friends. People are not always what they seem to be, an obvious point but one often blunted by natural urges to confuse image with substance. Fred's good looks raise false expectations: "The noble exterior is assumed to clothe a mind and soul equally great." Beautiful Lady Rosemary harbors a desire to be ugly, and plain Vinnie discovers a pleasant truth about her middle age: "Her features have not taken on the injured, strained expression of the former beauty, nor does she paint and decorate or simmer and coo in a desperate attempt to arouse the male interest she feels to be her due."

The novel offers many astute comments on the marriage of illusion and reality. For example, a description of charades, English style: "Though some trouble is taken to confuse the issue and make guessing harder, the game mainly seems to be an excuse for dressing up and behaving in ways that would otherwise be considered silly or shocking. It thus combines verbal ingenuity, in-group loyalty and cooperation, love of elaborate public performance, and private childishness." In her sophisticated parlor game, Alison Lurie acts out her mystery words, "foreign affairs," brilliantly. —By R.Z. Sheppard

### Coming Clean

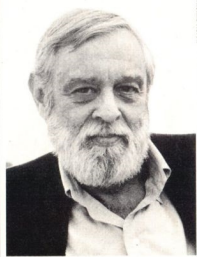
YOUNG HEARTS CRYING

by Richard Yates

Delacorte; 347 pages; \$16.95

Michael Davenport is not often on to himself. His life, a spiraling series of small revelations, major evasions and consequent breakdowns, bears down on him untidily and at unexpected moments. He manages, struggling, to still his madness. He succeeds, periodically, in publishing some poetry. Out of all three volumes, there are some indications that one poem will endure. It is called, with a combination of confessional irony and innuendo, *Coming Clean*.

There seems to be no way for Davenport to establish any kind of permanent, personal order, no means of giving up the



Richard Yates: master of the realistic voice  
Charting loss, loneliness and irony.

grand ambitions that keep intruding on his domestic life. Sometimes, sensing this, he is seized by fury. He drinks, rages and periodically plays a game of trading punches with an unwary, usually unworthy opponent: "Hit me as hard as you can. Right here." There are moments, though, when the impossibility of his ambitions comes burning through in a way his talent never does, and then he becomes not only humble but abject. "Know what we did, Lucy?" he asks his wife, after their marriage has shredded. "We spent our whole lives yearning. Isn't that the God damned-est thing?"

*Young Hearts Crying* is the work of a writer who knows the territory, from temporary exhilaration to piercing despair, and who is fully aware that yearning is not only a good way to go crazy but also a pretty good place to hide out from hard truth. Richard Yates is usually considered a master of the realistic voice: spare and shrewd, cutting and chilling. But for all



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## Books

the leanness of his writing, his language can carry considerable weight. Without apparent effort it eases past the conventions of simple realism toward deadpan comedy and social panorama. *Young Hearts Crying* could stand as a definitive portrait of a man and woman, maturing in the 1940s, who spend the next three decades trying to get a grip on dwindling dreams that will not die and who have to settle down and, finally, just settle.

At first, Lucy lives through Michael and his sporadic poetry, but, as she starts to sense the limits of his creative gifts, she also reaches the limits of the marriage. After they divorce, Lucy is left with the daily responsibility of their young daughter. She looks for additional solace in psychotherapy, satisfaction in a series of perhaps deliberately ill-chosen affairs, fulfillment in anything creative that is handy. She acts in a local theater, doing brave combat with the role of Blanche DuBois and going to bed with the director. Leaving her, he carries the expensive leather suitcases—"the two prettiest things I ever saw"—Lucy gave him. "One of the small misfortunes of being a rich girl, and she'd know it all her life, was that people would often exaggerate their pleasure when you gave expensive gifts... It nearly always made her feel foolish, but it hadn't ever stopped her from making the same mistake the next time."

There are other next times. Lucy enrolls in a writing class at the New School, and becomes enthralled with the young novelist who teaches the course. The pattern repeats: she romanticizes his gifts, is disappointed, buys her way out of the affair. She enrolls at the Art Students League and, after years, when she finally musters the courage to show her best work to two friends who are professionals, is told the paintings are "nice." She asks for a drink, and gives up.

Michael Davenport keeps at it, perhaps unwisely. After more than one episode of psychosis and years of trying to write poems from a life that eludes him, he marries Sarah Garvey, his daughter's high school guidance counselor, and accepts a teaching post at Billings State University in Kansas. There is no sanctuary on the open plains. The professor tries to write his way out, but finds himself describing the results to his wife and his publisher as "kind of a transitional book—kind of a plateau performance, if you see what I mean." It is a plateau that, more and more, starts to look like home.

Amid the rubble of these wrecked dreams, Yates has found a fine book, glancing and tough and always forgiving. *Young Hearts Crying* slips seamlessly into the group of Yates novels that includes *Revolutionary Road*, *Disturbing the Peace* and *The Easter Parade*. All chart the kind of loss, loneliness and irony that are lastingly contemporary. He is just the writer that Michael Davenport always wanted to be.

—By Jay Cocks

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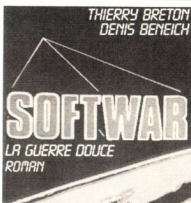
## War Games

*A French technological thriller*

While the Reagan Administration has been struggling for more than three years to deny advanced computer technology to the Soviet Union, two French authors are now suggesting fancifully how the U.S. might turn the Soviet appetite for Western computers to its own advantage. *Softwar*, a high-tech thriller by Thierry Breton, a Parisian computer programmer, and Denis Beneich, a New York City-based freelance writer, explores what could happen if Washington, instead of blocking high-technology sales, used them for infiltration and sabotage. With nearly 100,000 copies in print, *Softwar* has become a best-seller in France. The book is now being translated into Japanese and English, and its authors are negotiating a contract to sell the movie rights.

As the novel opens, the Soviets are about to buy an American supercomputer, a so-called Craig I, from France, ostensibly to help them forecast the weather on the steppes of Siberia. In fact, the Soviets intend to use the machine, one of the world's most powerful, to get into Western data banks that contain American military and technological secrets. Rather than objecting to the supercomputer sale, U.S. intelligence officials decide to capitalize on it. They dispatch an M.I.T. scientist to Paris to plant a "softbomb," or programmed booby trap, in the computer's meteorologic software. The key to the ploy is the information relayed by the U.S. National Weather Service to meteorologic centers all over the world. When the atmospheric pressure on St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands is reported to be 1,029 millibars, the trap is sprung and all the Soviet computers connected to the Craig I suddenly begin churning out gibberish. After an initial panic, two Soviet programmers uncover the first softbomb and manage to disarm it. But they know that there are other software traps hidden in the machine, and the search for them leads to a series of electronic cliffhangers.

*Softwar's* authors play skillfully with state-of-the-art technology and the intricacies of computer software. In fact, there is no technical barrier to planting softbombs of the type the novel describes. "Not only is it thoroughly possible," says Charles Lecht, chairman of Lecht Sciences Inc., a New York City software company, "but I know of several in-



Programmer Breton



Writer Beneich



A fanciful guide for high-tech spies

stances where it has been done." Some U.S. software houses routinely encode secret time-delay functions in the logic of their largest commercial programs before sending them to prospective clients for preview. For example, such a program might be set to self-destruct if it is run more than ten times in a row. An unscrupulous client who tries to make repeated use of the program without paying for it will suddenly find the software gobbling up its own data at the rate of millions of characters a second.

Computer experts have long warned that today's fastest machines can be used as formidable weapons for international sabotage. By programming a high-speed computer to dial every phone number in Japan, for instance, one could eventually reach telephone lines that tap directly into the Bank of Japan. Any disruption of the bank's computerized funds-transfer system risks wreaking havoc with the Japanese economy.

A more immediate concern to the Department of Defense is the possibility that U.S.-built technology might end up in the guidance system of a Soviet missile. But the computers the Soviets have been trying to import could also be turned against them. A machine destined to fall into hostile hands might be surreptitiously tagged with a chip wired to monitor its host's operations. Such a Manchurian Candidate computer could then send home periodic intelligence reports without ever making its presence known. But that is the subject for another novel. —By Philip Elmer-DeWitt.

Reported by William Dowell/Paris

## Family Living

*Parents cope with the new tube*

"Family life will never be the same," proclaimed Scholastic publishing when it launched *Family Computing* magazine a year ago. Exactly how computers might change the American family was left to the imagination. Now, however, Scholastic has released what is believed to be the first in-depth study of the social impact of home computers. The results suggest that the new machines can change the way a family lives, but that they will not have the profound impact on American life-styles that the automobile and television had in earlier decades. Says Joseph Giacqinta, the New York University professor who headed the investigation: "Micros actually reinforce, rather than alter, existing family patterns."

Observing 100 adults and children in 20 New York-metropolitan-area families, Giacqinta's researchers found that virtually every parent bought a computer in the hope that it would help a child get ahead in school. At the same time, most adults feared that the machines were being used too much for playing games. And, says Researcher Trika Smith-Burke: "Almost all parents had a latent fear that their children would become hooked by the computer."

Computers fit in all too familiar ways into most of the households studied. In families where sibling rivalries are prominent, the researchers found that children will fight over control of the computer. In those where moderation is stressed, rules of computer use will be laid out. In highly authoritarian families, parents will require children to spend after-school hours at the machine.

Adults in the study often went to great lengths to keep their children from becoming computer addicts. Half of the families imposed some kind of time limit on computer use; many imposed physical barriers to restrict youngsters' access to keyboards. One family stashed the machine in a closet to discourage casual play. One mother, determined to keep an eye on her son's computing activities, moved the machine out of his bedroom and into the kitchen.

Despite these efforts, the 20 families suffered their share of casualties. One wife, two husbands and two teen-age sons became obsessed with the machines, at least in the eyes of other family members. One wife complained that her husband was rushing through meals to get to his computer. A husband lamented that his spouse was spending more time programming her computer than tending to his needs. And one mother said her teen-ager's complexion turned "the color of cream cheese" as a result of too many marathon sessions in front of the newest tube. ■

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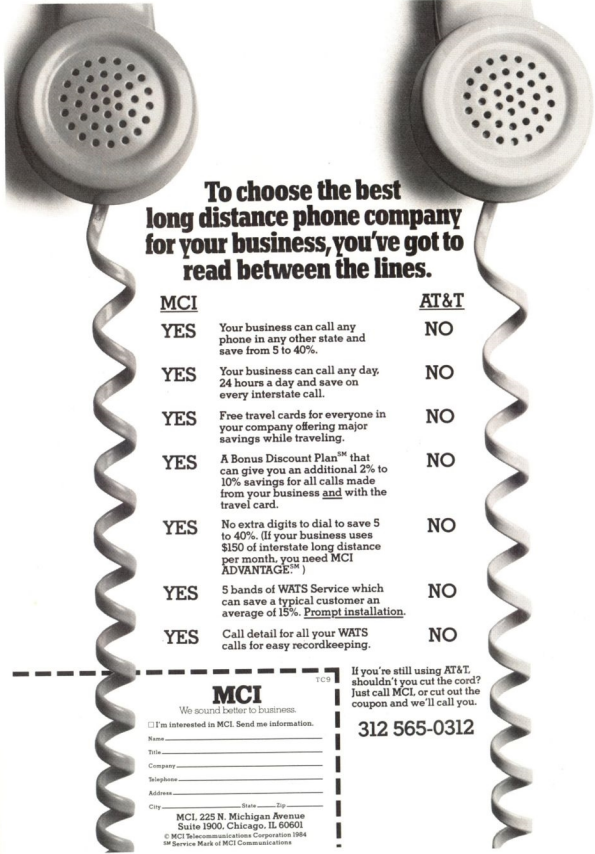
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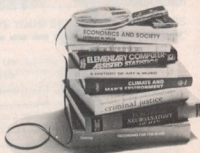
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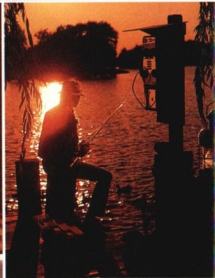
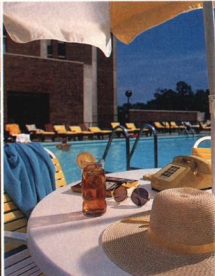
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Wiest and Langella: he wrestles with her demons and makes them his own

## Wounds That Will Not Heal

AFTER THE FALL by Arthur Miller

In the old joke, a monk, asked why he flagellates himself, replies, "Because it feels so good when I stop." The flagellant who would be an artist has a higher motive: "Because the welts I raise make such attractive and meaningful designs." After *The Fall*, whose original production opened the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in 1964, is a 2½-hour act of flagellation in which Arthur Miller's whips sear his own flesh and that of anyone he touched or who touched him. Two decades later, in John Tillinger's streamlined, harrowing off-Broadway revival, the scars of passion and pain still show. The wounds this play opened will not heal.

One must ask, though, whether *After the Fall's* lingering impact is a matter of artistry or indecent exposure. In the late 1950s Miller was a prince among Broadway playwrights, but west of the Hudson he was less than a prince consort; he was Mr. Marilyn Monroe. For the 4½ years of their marriage, the egghead and the sex goddess were headlines in every tattling tabloid, and their divorce in 1961 hardly stilled the clucking, for the next year Monroe was dead from an overdose of barbiturates. Miller must have found this stardom by proxy offensive. Yet in a way, *After the Fall* accedes readily enough to the demands of celebrity: Tell us all, tell us the worst, tell us more than we think we want to know. Although Quintin, the play's protagonist, is a lawyer, and Maggie, his second wife, is a pop singer, the veils quickly fall. Fiction is revealed as self-pitying psychodrama, and Miller's descent into himself risks being taken as a wallow in metaphysical sleaze.

If the sleaze factor is immediately evident, so is the metaphysics. Quintin is, after all, having a confessional chat with God as the play begins. John Lee Beatty's set is fur-

nished with the spare elegance of a waiting room in limbo; the back wall suggests an opaque view of the hell one creates with other people. Quintin's inferno has been stoked by his belief that love in its modern forms—friendship, political idealism, familial responsibility, courtly lust—can conquer all. As he discovers in remembered scenes with his dying father, his dotting scold of a mother, his colleagues in fair and foul weather, his bitter first wife and Maggie, love conquers nothing but the lover. It drains him, proves him inadequate, drives him toward madness. Suffocated by Maggie's whims and paranoia, Quintin cannot feel even that signal emotion of the nice guy: guilt. He can only expel his last vestige of feeling when she pleads, "Just love me. And do what I tell ya." What more—or less—does anyone want?

As Quintin, Frank Langella at first seems too sensuous to be playing the kind of man who sins only so he can suffer. By the second act, however, when Quintin is mud wrestling with Maggie's demons and making them his own, Langella has captured the character's soul; he is stooped, obsessive, spent. As Maggie, Dianne Wiest is an inspired piece of miscasting. Luminous earlier this year in *Serenading Louie* and *Other Places*, Wiest is still no sexpot, no Marilyn; truth to tell, Langella is prettier than she is. Moreover, she affects a wispy giggle that mimics Monroe and every little girl lost from Susan Alexander Kane to Judy Garland. Yet Wiest has managed to bleach the intelligence out of her face, leaving only a cunning child with the look of a battered seraph. This is no flesh-and-blood performance; it is pure, chilling marrow. Emotional striptease is what such acting is all about. But perhaps not playwrighting. —By Richard Corliss

## Tour de Farce

THE MYSTERY OF IRMA VEP

by Charles Ludlam

A melancholy fog shrouded the moors the night Lord Edgar brought his bride to Mandacrest. Portents of dread creaked in every dank corner of the ancient manor. The bride's sepulchral maid remained loyal beyond the grave to the first Lady Hillcrest, whose portrait was known to bleed when a stray bullet punctured the canvas. On nights when a full moon peeked through the clouds, Lord Edgar's Karloffian butler showed a disconcerting tendency to sprout wolf's hair. And in a vault behind the bookcase, the cries of a soul in torment could be heard.

Charles Ludlam is at it again. His Ridiculous Theatrical Company, the Greenwich Village troupe that on a shoestring has rejuvenated the manly art of comic burlesque, now turns for its inspiration to the penny dreadful, a sensational form of fiction that flourished in Victorian Britain.

*The Mystery of Irma Vep* is a lush and loving parody of every gaudy romance from Jane Eyre to *Rebecca*, with glancing references to Shakespeare and Poe, to Louis Feuillade's silent-movie serials and Universal horror shows of the '30s—not to forget a side trip to the pyramids, where Lord Edgar reveals himself as an Egyptologist with a mummy fixation.

As author and director, Ludlam moves the melodrama with ferocious precision; this is high-voltage comedy, not low camp. But it is as an actor that his supernally gifted jackanapes-of-all-trades shines brightest. All eight roles here (four male, four female) are played by Ludlam and his co-star Everett

Quinton, with lightning-quick costume changes and split-personality voice throwing. Quinton as the maid skulks off stage right and 20 seconds later appears at the French doors as Lord Edgar. At the climax, Ludlam's Nicodemus struggles with Ludlam's Lady Enid—a true vaudeville *tour de farce*. Deft as a textbook travesty, delightful enough to take your mom (or your mummy) to the young theater season. It's penny wonderful. —R.C.



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## The Rugged Individual Rides Again

If you would win over a crowd of Americans, use the term rugged individualism; they will salute it like the flag. Why not? Everyone always says that rugged individualism is the backbone, and the jawbone, of America; that a country as grand and sturdy as this could only have been built by the self-propelled and self-interested strivings of wild-eyed nonconformists, each fur-laden Daniel Boone pursuing his independent errand into the wilderness. The term is fairly precise. More aggressive than mere individuality, less narcissistic than the "me" decade, it does not refer to people who live in health clubs or on roller skates, or to the hotly cultivated yuppies who have come to mean so much to themselves. The "rugged" saves "rugged individualism" from shabbiness by implying not merely solitary but courageous action. Look. Here comes America. Davy Crockett, Thomas Edison, Teddy Roosevelt, Henry Ford. Those fellows built a nation with their hands.

Of course, the picture is pure hokum, and everybody knows it. The West was won by wagon trains, the East by sailing ships, and they all had plenty of passengers aboard, by necessity working together. "In history," Librarian of Congress Daniel Boorstin explained, "even the great explorer had been the man who drew others to a common purpose." Try to imagine an individual so rugged he could raise a roof beam on his own.

In the matter of the nation's soul, the impulse was collective from the start. Our so-called Protestant ethic would appear to endorse rugged individualism as the engine of hard work, but in fact the Puritan fathers were mainly concerned with individuals as contributors to a social compact. From John Cotton's *The Way of Life* (1641): "If thou beest a man that lives without a calling, though thou hast two thousands to spend, yet if thou hast no calling, tending to publique good, thou art an unclean beast." From John Winthrop (1630), the first American to see the new land as a "City upon a Hill": "If thy brother be in want and thou canst help him, thou needst not make doubt what thou shouldst doe; if thou lovest God thou must help him."

Such sentiments cannot surprise modern Americans who see in their own lifetimes far more evidence of a tame, cooperative society than an open zoo of unclean beasts. For all its apostrophizing of the open road, most of the nation dutifully drives at 55 m.p.h., willingly undergoes searches before boarding planes, humbly douses cigarettes from time to time. Even those who storm against gun control require the collectivism of lobbies to make their individual stands. The term rugged individualism was coined by Herbert Hoover only a decade before the onset of Big Government and of a war where victory depended on America's sense of belonging to the world. Behold two rugged individuals of popular culture, the Lone Ranger and Sam Spade, helping the weak and troubled, and keeping communities stable and intact by enforcing the law. How rugged can you get?

So why the pretense—why the evident pleasure—in seeing the country as a collection of loners? It may just be a game, a casually preferred national image requiring no analysis, like English gentlemen or Latin lovers. It may be a holdover from the country's beginnings. Any institution that starts out with a Declaration of Independence may feel obliged to uphold the

standard. The myth may also arise from a logical contradiction in a revolutionary society; that once the revolution is done, every rugged individual must be whittled down to a mere citizen for the revolutionized society to function. Thinking of oneself as a rugged individual may preserve the revolution as we cross at the green.

Or it may be part of an effort to keep life simple, especially when simplicity swims increasingly out of reach. The simple life, too, is a basic American myth, but it was a lot closer to being realized before the age of genetic finagling, test-tube babies and nuclear arms. Complex social problems do not harry pioneers. The constant conflict between capitalism and Christianity, for example, could be resolved, at least in words, by the figure of the rugged individual who gives

to charity of his free will, not by paying his taxes. No socialists here. Perhaps we just seek to preserve our distinctiveness from the Old World. The American Dream, the American Novel, the rugged American Self. Perhaps the Pilgrim nation has run out of places to wander to, and thus clings to a term that implies a perpetual future.

The fact is that the country has consistently shown its best face and best strength when it has defined rugged individuals as those people rugged enough to come to the aid of their fellows, and intelligent enough to recognize when they need such aid in return. Could there be some national embarrassment in that, a Wallace Beery blush suggesting that Americans risk becoming sissified when they acknowledge normal human dependencies? Who should be called a rugged individual these days? Lee Iacocca? All Iacocca needed was a billion dollars from the Government, and he was ready to stand alone.

It must be said that people like Iacocca add nerve to circumstances, and that it helps to work in a country where individuals have room to stretch. But standing alone often means mere hollow defiance. Do we preserve the loner ideal as an act of national defensiveness, to protect the country from conceding that it is too much alone in the world? Before the Second World War, a great many Americans sought international isolation. Once the nation became a superpower it achieved more isolation than anyone ever dreamed of; in a bipolar world, both poles are alone. The individualist Henry David Thoreau called America "The Great Western Pioneer whom the nations follow." Do they indeed? All right, then, says the proud country: If we would be left alone, let us be alone gloriously, ruggedly. And by extension: Let every individual be alone. Prop him in front of his Apple II, and point him toward the prairie.

It's an odd country that likes to say such things, yet knows, and believes in, the opposite. One of America's saving graces has been its ability to live comfortably with certain forms of hypocrisy; essentially we are no different today from our forebears who gave their lusty solo king-of-the-hill yells while helping the people across town to fight a fire and demanding that the central government provide roads, protection, cheap land and transportation. Not that the country ever claimed not to be odd. Inscrutable West. Why does America prefer to wear a fiction when the facts show the nation in a better light? Who was that masked man?

—By Roger Rosenblatt







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